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## Original Poetry.

### DRIFTING AWAY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

As one whom seaward winds beat from the shore,
Sees all the land go from him out of sight,
And waits with doubtful heart the stooping night,
In some frail shallop without sail or oar,
Drifting away!

I ride forlorn upon the sea of life,
Far out and farther unto unknown deeps,
Down the dark gulfs and up the dizzy steeps,
Whirled in the tumult of the ocean strife,
Drifting away!

Like faint, faint lights, I see my old beliefs
Fade from me one by one, and shine no more;
Old loves, old hopes lie dead upon the shore,
Wept all about by ghosts of childhood griefs,
Drifting away!

O never more the happy land shall glow,
With the fair light of morning on mine eyes;
Upon its loftiest peak the sunset dies,
And night is in the peaceful vales below,
Drifting away!

I rise and stretch my longing arms in vain,
And fold in void embraces on my breast
The nothing clasped, and with great fear oppressed,
I cry to the shores I shall not see again,
Drifting away!

### AURORA BOREALIS.

BY FRED. A. FARMENTER.

I.

The weird Aurora Borealis hurls
Its javelins of opalescent light,
Amid the starry-hearted spheres that brood
Above the shadow-shrouded form of Night!

II.

They redly dart among the pearly clouds
That dot the sky, in white battalions broke,
Ascending o'er the mountain's purple rim,
Like some huge caldron's airy woven smoke!

III.

Then back they dimly fall behind the hills,
As fountain-jets of silver-netted spray,
And lo! for crystal drops of moisture leave
The boulder stars that gem the milky way!

*Oswego, THOS CO., 49. 2.*

## A FATAL GIFT.

(From Once a Week.)

There are many wishes which we habitually conceive and express, without considering what the result would be were it *possible* to realize them, and what enormous consequences their realization would entail. For instance, we are apt to exclaim, when perplexed by the conduct of others, "I'd give anything to know So-and-So's thoughts!" A facility of this kind seems, at the first blush, to promise an easy solution of our difficulties. The effect of realizing this wish will, however, be illustrated in the following narrative:

I was sitting up late one Saturday night finishing my sermon for the following Sunday; and the completion of which, as was very frequently the case with my sermons, had been delayed till the last moment, owing to the pressure of other duties. This subject, which I had afterwards strange reasons for remembering, was *Faith*.

I had been endeavoring to point out that what men find so difficult in a religious sense, really forms the foundation of secular life. Take, for instance, our investments of money, our whole system of commercial credit, nay, higher than that, our dearest domestic relations, our best social affections. "Why, without Faith," I had written, "the world would come to a dead-lock; there would be an end of concerted action; men would be perfectly isolated. Faith was the cohesive principle which bound together the human atoms." I little thought that that very night would afford me a terrible illustration of what I had written in the spirit of speculative contemplativeness.

Just as I had finished my discourse, I heard a low, single rap at the street-door. The servant had gone to bed, so I undid the bolts, and looked out; and eventually looking down, I discovered a little scared girl not more than seven years old standing in the doorway.

"Please sir, Mr. C—— is very ill, and would like to see you."

"Mr. C——!" the name was not familiar to me; but reflecting for a moment, I recollected meeting a gentleman of that name some years back. "What's the direction?" I asked.

"——, Adelphi Chambers," said the child.

"I'll be there directly," I replied (with a sigh, I confess), for the rain was coming down heavily, and I had had a hard day's parochial duty.

I pulled on my boots accordingly, and, with coat and umbrella, sallied forth. I was admitted into the house by a decent looking woman, who I presumed was the keeper of the chambers. She led me up-stairs—cheerless chamber-stairs; and I shuddered as she went before me with the feeble light.

"It is well for me to be here," I thought, "if I can in anywise comfort a poor creature dying without the support of home-care, and affection."

I stopped the woman at the chamber-landing, and made her communicate to me some particulars of the case. The malady, it appeared, had quite puzzled the doctors; the woman herself thought Mr. C—— was troubled by something on his mind.

"He has lived here, sir," said she, "for about six months: a nice quiet gentleman, and no trouble; but from the first there was something strange in his manner. He always seemed to want to be to himself; me or my husband being in the room seemed to irritate him; and he never liked to be waited upon by anybody but our little girl. Since his illness he has had a screen drawn close round his bed, and he don't like anybody to see him: not even the doctor."

As I entered the room, where a shaded candle was dimly burning, in one corner I perceived a small camp-bed, almost concealed by a curtained screen. The woman mentioned my name, and withdrew. Then a voice, feeble but perfectly articulate, addressed me from behind the curtain.

"I am deeply your debtor for coming to see me at such a time." I expressed my hope that I might be of comfort to him. "Will you be good enough," he continued, "to take a seat near my bed, without disturbing the curtains; the request is strange, but I will explain it by-and-by."

I did as he desired.

"Perhaps," said he, "you have not forgotten my name: we met casually some years ago. I have not forgotten you! Your manner and appearance made a very deep impression on me; and when I chanced to hear that you were living in this district, I could not resist sending for you, in a sort of vain hope that you might afford me some alleviation."

I signified to him that my mission was rather to deal with spiritual affliction.

"Ay," said he, "there's the source of the malady. I fear cure is beyond your power; but this night I am impelled by a strong desire to speak out the terrible secret which is consuming me. The last time we met was, if you recollect, at R——'s rooms; and the conversation even there turned on mesmerism. I was an enthusiastic mesmerist; I mesmerized some of the party, and you were much interested in the experiments. I remember your saying that this new discovery, whereby the troubled spirit might be wrapped in calm and released from pain, was a precious gift, but manifestly very liable to abuse, and should therefore be religiously exercised for the benefit of mankind, and not for the purposes of vain curiosity. I treated your words lightly at the time, but I have often thought of them since. I have learnt, in a terrible manner, that they were signally true.

"I was a most skilful mesmerist—in other words, by intense strength of will I could subdue the *submitted* volition of other people. The longer I exercised this gift, the stronger my power grew; at last I no longer required perfect submission from those on whom I operated. I could encounter mental opposition, and overcome it. You must bear patiently with me if I am somewhat exact and minute in describing this psychological process. At first I could only deal with a mind which thought of nothing but me; then I acquired the power of driving away extraneous thought from the mind of the patient, and substituting the thought of Me exclusively. When I first acquired the latter power I could merely detect a mental opposition, which seemed like a painful depression cast on my own mind; but gradually, as my power grew, I could distinguish the opposing thought thrown like a reflection in a mirror on my own mind. Sometimes the thought was fear—sometimes a proud desire not to be overcome. As I was very careful to verify the truth of my discernment, I made my patients, after the trance was over, call to mind, as far as possible, their last thought before unconsciousness began; and invariably the thought which had existed in the mind of the patient had coexisted in my own mind.

"Would to God I had been contented thus far! It was in my power to benefit others largely by affording them freedom from pain, but the desire of being able to read the thoughts of men absorbed me. The slight progress I had made seemed but the germ of a mighty power of which the world had no conception. To be master of the motives of men's actions, to watch the gradual development of thought into action—above all, to be able to unmask false profession by a knowledge of the actual feeling—this was a gift conferring

"And out of much meditation upon this idea there grew a colossal fascination which grasped my whole soul.

"Alas! there is always more or less of isolation in the intensity of a great thought; when deeply seated, it dries up our sympathies and feeds upon the social inclinations of the heart.

"You know how the alchemists of the middle ages labored in the hope of discovering the golden secret of the physical world; how they spent time, and thought, and substance in the work. You have read, perhaps, Balzac's 'Recherche de l'Absolu?' I was striving for the golden secret of the mental world; no trouble was too great, no labor too hard for me; and as it was well known in the profession that I possessed the power of lulling pain, doctors would send for me at all times, day and night, to ease the anguish of patients whose maladies defied opium itself. I used to answer their call with the greatest readiness, for severe pain, by distracting the mind of the sufferer, increased the difficulty I had in subduing that mind to my own, and my power always grew stronger after opposition.

"For a long period I did not progress beyond the ability to feel with the greatest clearness the thoughts in my patients' minds prior to their lapsing into the trance. I attained my higher power suddenly. One day I had succeeded in alleviating a case of severe pain. The sufferer was the son of a very old man, and the father thanked me with tears in his eyes, grasping my hands.

"'The doctor told me,' said he, 'that if we could subdue the pain he might live a few days yet—my other boy may reach home in time to see him.'

"Instantly I recognised a strange thought in my mind, and I looked sternly in the old man's face.

"'You hope your other son will return in time?'

"'Ay, that I do,' replied the old man somewhat flurried with my glance, 'they are so fond of one another.'

"I hurried from the house, jumped into a cab and drove to the ——— Insurance Office. It happened that I was well acquainted with one of the clerks. I inquired whether So-and-So, mentioning the dying man's name, was insured there.

"'He is,' replied my friend, 'and if he lives another two days a handsome bonus will be added to his policy.'

"The clerk's words sufficed to tell me that I had acquired my long-sought power. While the old man was lavishing his thanks upon me in the sick room, I had *felt* his thought, 'that if his son lived two days longer, the policy would possess additional value.'

"Surely, sir," said I, interrupting his narrative, "this was merely some casual coincidence of thought."

"Coincidence, indeed," replied the voice, mournfully, "but constant, not casual."

"From that day was given me the gift of reading human thought; a few, only very few, minds were sealed from my introspection. At this period the conditions and limitations of my power appeared to be these. I had to hold the person's eyes steadily on mine, my mind required to be as much as possible in a passive state, vacant of thought, for positive thought on my part dimmed, or quite effaced, the thought reflected from the other mind.

"Ah! I tremble now when I think of it, the towering pride and exultation which beset me as I left that assurance office; as I strode along the busy city streets, men seemed dwarfs, pigmies, in comparison with my power. I laughed as I thought of their comparative impotence. I was strangely moved, too full of strong feeling to exercise my power again that day; but when I got home I shut myself up in my room, and let exultation have full sway; and a great tide of thought at the wondrous consequences of my gift flowed through my excited mind."

I interrupted him at this point, and strongly insisted that this could only be some strange hallucination which ought to be fought against, prayed against, and resolutely conquered.

"Ay, ay!" was the reply; "I have longed that idea, clung to it, prayed, fervently prayed, that it might be after all some vain delusion. No, no, gently. I trusted, therefore, that something might hope's passed, but you must hear my case out before under my own cognisance which would enable you can suggest any remedy. by the impartial use of fact to satisfy him of his

"Alas!" he continued, "my power has been verified hundreds of times. I have never been in error.

"What was wealth to me?" he continued—"my I recollect even on that first day of exaltation, while power was growing, I no longer required con- the first fervid burst was over, I trembled at my power. Even then a sense of desolation, of utter tion, overcame me. I had broken through the limits of mankind. I must traverse this new realm knowledge without help—without sympathy; friends few who were sealed from my power; ship could give me no comfort—wisdom no advice. was sole tenant of a new world, without chart, rule, without serviceable law. I stood alone, wretched feeble reason to uphold me. And yet at passion, have been vile; but the world was right, glance conduct would seem very easy; thought very men have after all *acted* well. I had temptation to evil, and the strong habit of *right*, *unthought*, which in a moment thrust back evil forced to virtuous action. Ah! I have seen thoughts, piety, grand aspirations. I could have bled myself and knelt before some men, and yet this greatness has been lost in mean and selfish acts.

"Alas! I only beheld the thoughts of men, to come mystified by their subsequent actions. I where I was deceived; I doubted where I might trusted; mankind perpetually falsified my predictions What wonder? I had only my poor trivial reason to guide me amid the infinite complexities the soul. The consequent labor of attempted has worn my mind and body. In the personal course of life I dare not trust: I may not doubt. I have prayed for faith—prayed that my awful might be mercifully darkened, that I might be back to that open judgment-ground of mortals,—positive acts.

At this point Mr. C—— seemed somewhat exhausted and asked me to give him the lemonade. I was very much moved by his strange confession—the gloom of the room, the dead silence of the large house, broken only by the voice of the hidden speaker, feeble at times, then suddenly breaking out in painful energy—the thin, worn hand stretched through the curtain to grasp the glass. I felt that this extraordinary delusion, evidently deep seated, was not to be uprooted by mere emphatic contradiction or ridicule. I hoped by inducing him to relate some of the experiences upon which he had built his terrible conclusion, I might convince him of some fallacy, of some erroneous assumptions in his train of argument.

"I think," said I, addressing him, "I understood you to say that you have never revealed this faculty of yours to any one?"

"What!" he exclaimed vehemently, "and let men know my power, so that they should cast me forth as an unhallowed spy—all shrinking from me, as some involuntary shrunk from Dante, declaring he had walked in Hell—no! I was isolated enough without that."

"Still," said I, "you were certainly your mind, might have been able to show you that this coincidence of thought, upon which you base your supposed power, was merely the natural effect of common circumstances upon two minds. Relate to me one of your strongest instances."

He assented to my proposal.

"I had an old uncle," said he, "who was very well off. I was his favorite nephew, the son of a sister who had been very dear to him. He was a kind, good old man, somewhat sensitive in matters of courtesy and attention. When I grew so entirely absorbed in my great idea, I gave up all social intercourse, and entirely neglected my uncle as well as the rest of my friends. People used to tell me that a young cousin of mine, home from his first voyage, was staying at my uncle's house; that I risked my chance of after-fortune by my imprudent conduct. I paid attention to none of these warnings, and one night I was sent for in a great hurry; my uncle had had a sudden fit, and was fast sinking. I hastened to the house; on entering the room I found my uncle was in a heavy doze of unconsciousness, but on my approaching the bed, he feebly opened his eyes and gazed vacantly on me without the slightest sign of recognition.

"'He does not know you,' said my cousin.

"'But he did know me! the body was fast sinking, yet the mind was still active. I felt, as I looked deeply in his eyes, his thought of returning tenderness—Janet's only son—and then the terrible regret that that was not signed. In my desperation I seized pen and paper—I thrust the pen into his hand, and clasped the yielding fingers on it.

"'It is too late!' said my cousin.

"'No, no!' I replied.

"It was too late. The pen fell away from the nerveless hand, but I *felt* the intense inward struggle which strove in vain to reanimate the falling strength of the dying man."

"Allow me to observe," said I, "that I cannot consider this as any proof of your power—you knew that your uncle's affections were cooled towards you, that your cousin would in all probability be his heir—all the rest was merely the effect of excited imagination."

"You are too hasty, sir," was the reply to my objection. "We found, on searching my uncle's papers, a will in his desk, making my cousin his heir, to my entire exclusion, but so convinced was I of the truth of what I had felt pass in my uncle's mind, that I made unabated search through all the papers, even waste papers—and in the waste-paper *basket*, thrown in by the servant who cleared the room, I took up a common circular which, from its date, my uncle must have received the very morning of his seizure, and turning over to the blank sheet, I discovered in his handwriting the draft of a codicil which would have made me joint-heir with my cousin; but it was nothing more than a draft.

"Again, sir! I knew my cousin was a young man of generous feeling—I say I knew this, because when we discovered the will, I saw his *inward* feeling of surprise, his regret that I had been entirely excluded, and his fear lest I should think he had been undermining my credit with my uncle. Surely, I thought, he will be affected now by this evidence of my uncle's feeling, and will to some extent act upon it. I gave him the memorandum to read. I watched him very intently. After reading he was silent awhile, and then I saw to my astonishment great exultation in his mind that the document was legally invalid. Hard words were rising to my lips—thank God! I spoke them not—with utterance sudden as thought, he swore to act upon the codicil. I grasped his hands, expressing my deep sense of his noble conduct. 'Tell me, Harry,' said I, at length, 'did not you at first feel glad that the codicil was not signed?'

"'How the deuce did you guess that?' he replied, 'I did feel glad for a moment!—but I kicked that thought to the devil!'"

It was clearly hopeless to try to unsay Mr. C——'s the fallacy of his idea through his own narrative. He had evidently squared all his proofs with such sturdiness whole matter at once. Miss M—— and her mother readily agreed to my request.

It was a very painful meeting. The curtain had been drawn back, Miss M——, her mother, and the doctor stood at the end of the bed; I was at C——'s side, and as he was very weak he requested me to speak. After recalling to Miss M——'s recollection the events of the particular evening (it was less than a year from that day), and stating that C—— made no question of the sincerity of her love (he also speaking to the same effect himself), I asked her whether she could remember at the particular moment just before C—— fainted in the room, experiencing a feeling of regard towards her cousin?

C——, in breathless suspense, bent forward in his bed, and regarded her intently. She, poor girl, was deeply moved, blushing crimson. Her mother interposed with warmth, and denied my right to ask such a question. I expostulated, and prayed of her to allow her daughter to answer.

The doctor suddenly moved forward: C—— had fallen back insensible! And then Miss M——, hurrying to the bedside, and kneeling as she clasped C——'s hand, confessed that the thought had passed through her mind—"a morbid folly," she cried, "the recollection of childish days, of what people had said, as boy and girl, of their marrying;" she had never approved of her cousin's conduct since he had grown up—she had refused his hand but a month ago.

From this time C—— gradually sank.

"At last there was only one being over whose mind I clung to her—powerless—oh! how desperate I clung to her—her words, sweeter to me than softest music, her eyes, and rejoiced in their glorious mystery—and with that strange fervid trust that doubt of mine, while I waited for her sweet voice falling fresh, oh! so fresh upon me to the common joys of mankind. They might say I worshipped her—I could sit for hours gazing intently on the play of her eyes, listening to the slightest things she uttered. I can never make you understand what her voice was to me—her voice, the only voice in the world I could bear to hear. I used to tremble at the thought of losing her. Not by death—for she had all the chances of youth and strength, but from my terrible power. I reasoned thus: love for a while had saved me some friends; but I loved this did far beyond friendship, and love would be her shield. Again, I had observed that the smallest feeling of doubt towards my friend had been the commencement of my fatal vision—but doubt towards her was impossible, for I loved her with the strongest faith.

"Nevertheless I was to be isolated from all the world—doubt did come one day. Clara had a cousin, a wild young fellow, who had been shipped by his family to Australia for the double purpose of reformation and fortune. It seems he had been always fond of her, and her friends would never listen to his proposals. He returned, and I met him at a party to which I had accompanied Clara and her mother. I saw on our introduction that he had an aversion to me, and independently of this I was not prepossessed by his manner and appearance. I told Clara my feeling, and she defended him, as I thought, rather too warmly.

"In the course of the evening, while I was talking to Clara, he came and stood near us; our conversation, which had been in reference to him, was silenced by the singing. I knew not what induced me to direct my attention towards him—he was gazing earnestly on Clara; I *felt* the violent love which was raging in his bosom, and the wild lawless inclination to make her his. Involuntarily I turned on Clara. Cursed doubt was in my mind arising out of our previous conversation. In an instant I beheld her thought—tenderness and love toward her cousin!

"And then by a new access of my power the thoughts of both those minds were mirrored in mine—oh it cuts very sharp to know a rival's love, but think of the bewildering torture of *feeling* that rival's love, and the love *felt* towards him at work in your own breast!

"In my pain and anger I was advancing towards this man. Then flashed on my mind with a force before which the previous feeling with all its intensity shrivelled away, the terrible fact that my last hope was gone. I had read her mind—I must be alone henceforth."

The voice gradually dropped into indistinctness—I listened, there was a dead silence. I drew back the curtain—he had fainted—poor C——! how sadly altered from the young man I recollected but a few short years back. The light fell horizontally on his pale face, on the ridges revealed and the hollows in dark shade worn by the fever—his fatal imagination. . . .

C—— permitted me to state his real condition to the doctor. This gentleman was a very clever, clear-headed, and benevolent man, and took immense interest in the case. Both of us reasoned with C—— upon his hallucination. I strove on religious grounds to show him the improbability of such a condition being divinely permitted. We both of us blamed him for having doubted on such frivolous grounds his betrothed's love and fidelity.

He told us it was this last struggle which had so completely worn away his health. This love for her cousin, so far as he had seen, was only a passing thought; but alas! his joy in her was at an end; her voice had lost its sweetness, her eyes the mysterious delight—he dared not blind himself to a life of perpetual attraction and repulsion, beholding all the fluctuations of her thoughts, yet never knowing her true feelings. Love was impossible without faith.

He had broken off the match, offering what compensation money could afford—this had been proudly refused, but he had made his will in her favor.

We urged upon him that he ought at the least to take the lady's word whether or not the thought he had mentioned had ever existed in her mind. With some difficulty, upon giving our pledge to act with delicacy in the matter, we induced him to agree to this proposition.

We had every hope that her disavowal would afford us a lever to uproot his strange convictions.

At C——'s desire I called upon Miss M——. I saw her and her mother. She, poor girl, evidently loved C—— still, and was much distressed to hear of his dangerous condition. It appeared that he had excused himself for breaking off the match, on the ground of some hereditary malady, and he had blamed himself in strong terms for ever making her an offer. From what Mrs. M—— said, she seemed to regard C—— with pity rather than with resentment, notwithstanding the sad trial it had been to her daughter. I stated the object of my visit; that it would afford much consolation to C——, if Miss M—— would visit him, and answer a certain doubt which existed in his mind; it was right for me to state that the question which would be asked was of a painful nature, but I was quite convinced that any true word from Miss M—— would explain the whole matter at once. Miss M—— and her mother readily agreed to my request.

It was a very painful meeting. The curtain had been drawn back, Miss M——, her mother, and the doctor stood at the end of the bed; I was at C——'s side, and as he was very weak he requested me to speak. After recalling to Miss M——'s recollection the events of the particular evening (it was less than a year from that day), and stating that C—— made no question of the sincerity of her love (he also speaking to the same effect himself), I asked her whether she could remember at the particular moment just before C—— fainted in the room, experiencing a feeling of regard towards her cousin?

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From this time C—— gradually sank.

### WHAT IS THE BABY THINKING ABOUT?

[From "Bitter Sweet," by J. G. HOLLAND.]

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years:
And he'll never know
Where the Summers go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links,
By which the mannikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony:
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls,
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmurs the words
Of all the birds,
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his little finger tips,
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

### MESMERISM AND MATRIMONY;

Or, Science versus Widow.

Martin Speed was a bachelor. He had backed and filled, and hesitated and doubted about entering upon the "blissful estate" of matrimony, until the fire of youthful passion was all spent, and matrimony had become a problem to him as dry and as formal as one in old Walsh's arithmetic; to be cyphered out for an answer, as much as that proposition about carrying the fox, goose, and bag of corn, across the creek, that everybody "problemly" remembers. Being a phrenologist, he left the province of hearts altogether, and went to examining heads, to ascertain by craniological developments a woman's fitness for the position of a wife to Martin Speed, Esq., as letters came addressed to him at the Speedwell postoffice. The town of Speedwell was named for an ancestor of his, and boasted of several thousand inhabitants; and as it was a factory place, it had a goodly share of good-looking marriageable girls.

Martin studied Combe, and Spurzheim, and Gall, and grew bitter as disappointment saw him enter his forty-first year a bachelor. He looked back on the past, and saw the chances he had neglected, and the happiness of those who had started with him, and were now portly people, the heads and fronts of families; and the delicate damsels he had alighted, respected mothers in Israel, and exemplary and amiable wives. He sought every opportunity for examining the heads of such as would submit themselves to his hand with a hope of catching the bachelor; for they knew his weakness, and he was well-to-do, and an eligible match. But in vain he looked for perfection. The bumps would not be arranged as he wished them. If he took a liking to a pretty face, phrenology impertinently gave it the lie straight, and he at once avoided it.

It was at this juncture that a biological lecturer—a grave professor in that science—came to Speedwell and gave a series of exhibitions. These Martin attended, and biology at once became an "intensity" with him, a "new emotion." He attended all the exhibitions, saw men personate roosters and crow, hens and scratch, shiver with cold or burn with heat, at the will of the operator; saw a miser endeavor to clutch an eagle held out to him while under the influence of the wonderful spell, and the tongue of a woman stilled who for twenty years had been the pest of Speedwell by her loquacity.

This put the mind of Martin on a new track. He sold all his phrenological works and devoted himself to the study of the wonderful science through which such marvels were performed. The professor was such a fine teacher, and Martin placed himself under his tuition. He succeeded admirably. In a short time he surpassed his instructor, and had more than his power in influencing the susceptible among his weak brethren and sisters.

He formed a resolution to himself that through this means he could gain a wife. Could he find one that his science could control—one that at a glance he could transfix, like the man who was stopped by the mesmerizer half way down, as he was falling from the roof of a house—he would marry her; for the reason, dear reader, that Martin had not married was, that he had heard of wives wearing the—authority over their lords, and he was a timid man. In this new science he saw security, and assiduously sought for one of the right description. At every party where he was invited, at every sewing-circle, at every knot of factory-girls in which he mingled in the evenings, he tried his art, but without success. At last, when on the point of despairing, accident gave what he had failed to obtain by earnest seeking. A widow—dangerous to bachelors' peace, as edged tools are to the careless hands of the inexperienced—came to the village on a visit. The weeds had not been removed that masked her honors. ment, and the merest touch of melancholy rested on her brow; but her eye was laughing, and a sweet curl strayed away and lay like a chiselled eddy upon the marble of her cheek. She had a jewel on her hand, and the black dress she wore was cut judiciously—the milliner that cut it had been a widow herself, and knew how to manage such matters—showing a beautiful white shoulder, and revealing a bust of rare loveliness.

Martin met the widow at the residence of a friend and liked her. He had never seen so prepossessing a woman, he thought. But she had buried one husband, and that was rather a drawback. One visit led to another, the liking still increasing, until he broached the subject of his biology, with a wish fervently felt that this might be the woman he sought. She was fully acquainted with it, and, in answer to his question if she was susceptible to its influence, she replied that she did not know, but was willing to have the fact tested. What a position for Martin! Seated by her side on a sofa, with her hand laid in his, her rich dark eyes resting upon his with a look equal to that which the widow Wadman poured into the eyes of the unsuspecting Toby in the stillness of a Summer evening! But science held him secure, and his nerves were calm as the Summer day of that evening. By-and-by the beautiful lids drooped, the head bent gently forward, and the widow, with a sweet smile upon her lips, lay fast asleep. Martin could have shouted "Eureka," in his delight at the discovery. Now his pulse quickened, and he stooped to kiss the lips that lay unresisting before him; but he didn't. By the exercise of his power he awakened her, and she was much surprised at being caught napping, and blushed at the strangeness of it; and blushed more when Martin told her how he had been tempted, and how gloriously he had resisted; and laughed a little when she slapped his cheek with her finger as he took pay from the widow's lips for his self-denial, and went home half crazy with joy at his new-found treasure, more like a boy of nineteen than a matured gentleman of forty.

Every night found him a visitor at the widow's, and every night the success of the science was proved, until by a mere look or wave of the hand the beautiful widow became a subject to his will, and he became at the same time a subject to hers. She was a splendid creature, too! You would not find in a long journey a fairer, or more intelligent, or more virtuous. The question might be asked, which magnetism was the most pleasant or most powerful, his or hers. But he thought only of his own, not deeming that he was in a spell more powerful, that was irrevocably binding him. What could an old bachelor know of such a thing?

This state of things grew to a crisis at last, and Martin formally proposed to the widow that the two should be made one by the transmutation of the church. To this she assented; and it was announced soon after, to the astonishment of all, that Martin Speed had married the widow Goode. The punster of the village made a notable pun about Good Speed, at which the people laughed very much; and the editor of one of the papers, who was a very funny man, put it in print.

It happened, shortly after the marriage, that they had a famous party, and some of the guests bantered [illegible] about marriage, upon which he said them how it came about. They were a little incredulous, and he volunteered to give them some specimens of his remarkable power over his wife. She was in the next room attending to some female friends, when he called her to him. She came obediently, and he asked her to sit down, which she did. He took her hand and looked into her eyes, to put her to sleep. Her eyes were wide open and a lurking spirit of mischief looked out of them broadly into his. He waved his hands before them, but they remained persistently open. He bent the force of his will to their subjugation, but it was no use.

"Mr. Speed," said she, laughing, "I don't believe the magnetism of the husband is equal to that of a lover; or perhaps science and matrimony are at war."

She said this in a manner to awaken a strong suspicion in his mind that she had humbugged him; and had never been put to sleep at all. His friends—as friends will when they fancy a poor fellow has got into a hobble—laughed at him and told the story all round the village. For months he was an object of sport to everybody. People would make passes over each other as he passed, and women would shut their eyes and look knowing. But, whether his power had gone or not, *hers* remained: and he cared not a fig for their laughing, for he was happy in the beautiful spell of affection which she threw over him, that bound him as a chain of flowers. The attempt to close her eyes was never repeated, for he was too glad to see them open to wish to lose sight of them. Life with Speed sped well, and Martin became a father in time. He never regretted the expedient he adopted to get his wife, though he never could make out exactly whether she had humbugged him or not.—*Knitting Work*.

### DEATH OF OUR DAUGHTER, LAURA.

[From the Weekly Free Booth, Aug. 8.]

During the last few days of her illness (her case has been twice before spoken of,) the rest of our children were so absorbed in her interest that but very little work was done in the printing-office, and consequently no paper was issued last week.

Laura was our youngest daughter, a most interesting and affectionate girl, twelve years, eleven months, and six days old. The day before she died (Monday, July 25th, 1859), she sang one verse of the song, "Do they miss me at home?" in a delicate, but sweet and trembling voice. The dear creature knew she would be missed at home; her active fingers at the printing-case, and nimble feet to go an errand, are already (and in the deepest sorrow) "missed at home."

She bore her sufferings beyond a parallel, often inquiring about her sister Nancy, now in Kansas; the rest of the family all being present, to soothe her pain.

She was a lovely girl, and will long be remembered by her companions, who owe the like debt she has so early and so resignedly settled. Peace to the ashes of Laura, and to her spirit eternal bliss.

WM. S. AND CAROLINE A. BAILEY.

— Dr. J. C. Nott writes from Paris to the Mobile *Register* that he is still hard at work, making purchases for the Mobile Medical College. He says: "The collection of Vasseur, where I obtained the largest portion of articles purchased up to this time, is a very rich one. I have from him a complete system of osteology, from the earliest period of infancy up to adult age, representing this system in every phase that the most minute demonstration could require. I have from Vasseur, also, an extensive and very valuable collection of diseased bones, which will be extremely useful in practical teaching. In addition to these, I get from him some models of diseased eyes, which are excellent, various little models in wax, and beyond all this a series of comparative anatomy."

— The Duke of Wellington, in his Private Explanatory Letter to Mr. Canning, in regard to a misunderstanding between them in 1827, used this language: "I am not in the habit of deciding upon such matters hastily or in anger; and the proof of this is, that I never had a quarrel with any man in my life."

[For the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.]

### A VISION OF THE LADY OF LYONS.

(When may all Managers of Theatres confound!)

BY A. F. BANKS.

Dramatis Personæ:

| | |
|---|---|
| JEMMY CLOVER. | NOTARY. |
| JOB COMFORTER. | FATHER OF WILHELMINA. |
| OLD GRIPER. | WILHELMINA TOMPKINS. |

*Jemmy Clover.*—O Wilhelmina Tompkins!
O! Tompkins Wilhelmina!
And *have* I lived? *can* I survive this day,
When from my loving arms she's snatched away?
The light of life is fled! all, *all* is over
With this poor, broken-hearted Jemmy Clover.
Ah! wo is me!
[*Enter Job Comforter.*]
*Job.*—Fiddlededee!
*Jemmy (starting).*—*You* know not what it is to vainly languish.
Away! away! and leave me to my hanguish.
*Job.*—Nay, nay; be comforted by old friend Job.
*Jemmy.*—What! shall I see her in her bridal robe,
And tamely bridle all my rising dander?
*Job.*—Of course you will—don't be a goosey-gander.
Incline thine ear whilst I reveal my thought—
*Jemmy.*—Ha!
*Job (confidentially).*—Thy Wilhelmina's heart's not given—it's bought!
*Jemmy.*—Speak! soothe the torture which this bussom gnaws!
Drowned men and jilted luvyers grab at straws!
*Job.*—Listen!
My Dinah shares her bed—sweet, single roses!
(Thirsty mosquitoes haunt not their reposes!)
And Dinah knows she's loved no other feller
Since you went cook upon that screw-propeller;
For two long years she nightly has turned over,
And gone to sleep a-sighing—"Jemmy Clover."
*Jemmy.*—Thanks, thanks! my tender Job;—but how the d—l—
*Job.*—Hist! here they are!
*Jemmy (bitterly).*—To have their marriage revel!
[*Enter Wilhelmina, her Father, old Griper, and Notary.*]
*Job (apart to Wilhelmina).*—Say! Wilhelmina! *can* you be untrue?—
When Jemmy hears it, he'll feel 'orrid blue.
*Wilhelmina.*—O, Job! if you knowed all—but who is that
A-hiding of his face behind his hat?
*Job.*—He is a friend of Jemmy's.
*Wilhelmina.*—Jemmy's friend?
O, bring him here!—I would a message send.
(*Jemmy approaches.*)
You—you—knowed Jemmy?
*Jemmy.*—Myself and misery knows that hinjured man.
*Wilhelmina.*—O Jimmy!—what a blessing is a fan.
(*Fans herself violently.*)
They tell me you are Jemmy's bosom friend.
*Jemmy.*—We've slept together—chawed the same tobacker—
(Golly! how it would ease my mind to whack her.)
*Notary.*—Come, Wilhelmina, quick! its growing dark—
The deed's drawn out—it but awaits your mark.
*Wilhelmina.*—Was ever maiden's heart in such a flurry?
Dear, good, kind Notary—don't be in a hurry.
(*To Jemmy.*)—O! tell dear Jemmy, when you sees him next,
To pity his fond love, and not be vexed;
O may his river trips be full of calms,
Although I'm forced into old Griper's arms!
*Jemmy.*—*Forced*, did you say? Some orrid mystery's here.
I'm all dumbfoundered——
*Wilhelmina.*—I feel very queer.
You see that woolly-headed man?—my dad.
*Jemmy.*—I've know'd him, lady, since I was a lad.
*Wilhelmina.*—'Till late, he was an 'onest, first-rate Snob;
Misfortune came (respect a daughter's sob)—
Gents wouldn't pay up—they all cut and bolted—
Yes! with the very boots he'd pegged and welted.
*Jemmy.*—Go on! go on! This nigger's in a sweat!
*Wilhelmina.*—He lost his awl! he calls on me, his pet,
To set him up again in bisness.
*Jemmy (wildly).*—Go on ahead! and clear this 'orrid dizziness.
*Wilhelmina.*—Old Griper's got the *dimes*. For paltry gold,
This heart, which yearns for Jemmy Clover, 's sold;
For eighty dollars, me and Jemmy's parted.
O! tell him Wilhelmina's broken-hearted!
*Notary.*—We can't be standing here all day, by Jakes!
Come, Wilhelmina, hurry up your cakes.
(*She goes despairingly to the table.*)
*Jemmy.*—This nigger breathes again! Avast! thou Notary.
Behold! behold in *me!* sweet Cupid's votary.
*Wilhelmina.*—It is—it is—it is my Jem all over.
*Jemmy.*—My Wilhelmina! come! come! roll in Clover. (*They hug.*)
*Old Griper.*—How now! you Jemmy Clover? What the d——l—
*Jemmy.*—I say, old Scrape-cent, you had best be civil.
(*To Wilhelmina's father.*)—Come here, old woolly-nob, and feast your eyes.
Look on this wallet!
*Father.*—Crikey! what a size!
*Jemmy.*—In this 'ere pus is ten times eighty dollars!
As she luvs me, it naterally follers—
*Wilhelmina (interrupting, and falling on his bosom).*—O! Jemmy, Jemmy! Jemmy, lend's your wiper.
(*Which he does.*)
Jemmy—oblige me—
*Jemmy.*—Yes, dear.
*Wilhelmina.*—Kick old Griper.
*Jemmy.*—Bolt, Griper; streak it.
*Griper.*—Jemmy, you be darned!
*Jemmy.*—Now, golly, Griper; you'll get right well lammed. (*Griper is kicked out.*)
*Father.*—Come hither, children; jine your little fists.
True luv impels you, and a dad insists.
(*Jemmy kisses her.*)
*Wilhelmina.*—Jemmy, your beard is rough; go get you shaved.
*Father.*—O! happy father, by a daughter saved!
Strike up, ye fiddlers! scrape away like mad!
We'll have a screaming night of it, by gad!
DANCE.—TABLEAU.
[Curtain drops.]

### NEW PUBLICATIONS
Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.
*For the week ending September 10, 1859.*

The Moon-Hoax; or, A Discovery that the Moon has a vast population of Human Beings. By Richard Adams Locke. Illustrated with a View of the Moon as seen by Lord Rosse's Telescope. 18mo, paper. pp. 63. New York: William Gowans. 1859.

Three Discourses on the Religion of Reason. By Gerrit Smith. Unchanged from their original publication. Pamphlet, pp. 84. New York: Ross & Tousey. 1859.

Sketches for the Million. By Walter Guy. Pamphlet, pp. 48. Syracuse, N. Y.: J. G. K. Truair & Co.

The Development of Prophecy. The Eleventh Chapter of Daniel; A Prophecy relating to the King of the North and the King of the South, Detailing the Contests Between Rome and the Church. By a Layman. Pamphlet, pp. 32. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1859.


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## The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.


### A WORTHLESS BOOK.

We will not repeat the title of it, though we have just wasted two hours and fifty minutes in reading it—in a vain search for the first good thing. Not a single first sign of quick intelligence or deep feeling—not a symptom of anything but the most stupid sort of human nature—has flashed upon us from any one of its pages.

And yet the book has been eulogized by almost the entire American press. To be sure, it will pass away in a month, and never more be heard of on this planet; but at this moment, the public is being extensively victimized by it. Deluded "reading creatures" (*à la* Carlyle) are perusing it under the impression that time so employed is not worse than lost. Some of them will perhaps never be disabused of the impression, and will go to their graves imagining that they have read one book that was about as good as anything in universal literature. In that case, their souls will unquestionably be lost, unless possibly the critics of the country may be obliged to bear through purgatory not only their own heavy burdens, but those of their victims also.

We have a strong impression that a poor book is as much morally a crime as it is intellectually a madness, and artistically a monster. A person without experience, learning, or genius, sits down, and of malice prepense transforms a mass of foolscap into bosh, and produces a volume that can by no possibility make the world, or anybody in the world, either wiser or better. Everything in his volume had either been said better twenty times before, or was not worth saying at all.

It may be argued that a man has a right to waste his own time, even in trying to write a book. Granted. He has also the right to waste the time of compositors and bookbinders—provided he pays them well. But the matter does not stop here. The author is not merely a humbug—he is a nuisance.

His book is published, placed on counters, sent to the critics, applauded in the newspapers, purchased by the masses. Purchased, certainly—for every book sells now-a-days—the only question being how long the wool can be kept over people's eyes, whether for a week or a year. But for a little time, all books are great, if you can believe the American journals.

The book, then, sells, notwithstanding it is an offence to every one of the Muses; notwithstanding the voices of all the prophets and martyrs of literature cry out against it; notwithstanding the holy literary church throughout all ages pronounces it horrible; notwithstanding it is a crime against the People's English and Heaven's common sense.

At a moderate computation, one thousand copies will be sold. They will be carried into households and lent to neighbors, and every copy will have, on an average, four or five readers. That is, more than four thousand persons will read the book, whose qualities, regarded from an intellectual or esthetic stand-point, are in the hottest degree infernal. Every reader will be occupied at least several hours with it. Let all this time be counted up—let an aggregate be made of all the hours wasted over the book—and it will be found to equal the available time of an ordinary human life. That is, a life has been lost on account of the worthless book—or worse than lost.

That is, a murder has been committed; a human life has been taken. The sequence follows, that the author of a poor book is guilty of the crime of murder, and, by the laws of the State, he should be hung by the neck till he be dead.

The plea, we think, would fail him, that he is not more guilty than many others; that murdered ideals haunt studios and attics; and that the murder of ideas is daily committed in the offices of the Able Editors. Even the ghost of an ideal is worth something; and as to the Able Editors, they enjoy a special dispensation to write nonsense—the penalty being that nothing that they say shall ever last beyond a single day.

But a person who, without ideas or ideals, attempts to enter the sacred realm of literature, is indisputably a public enemy, guilty certainly of meddling in divers ways, and probably of piracy—both mortal offences. There is a number of such criminals now at large in the community, whom we shall perhaps arraign in future articles: and may —— have mercy on their souls!

## Dramatic Feuilleton.

### The Oldest Man in the Newest Bowery.

The other day—I may as well be particular, last [illegible] day,—the Old Gentleman and I dined together, and subsequently promenaded down the Bowery to [illegible] the opening of the new theatre, which Rhadamanthus Crœsus-Whiting has just completed for George Washington Lafayette Fox and James Lingard, two lucky dogs who are going to make an immense fortune, and have whole rows of high-stoop four-story brown-stone fronts.

"Ah," said the Old Gentleman, who had put [illegible] a comfortable quantity of Bordeaux, "there used [to be] a time when we did not go down the Bowery."

"O, yes," I replied, "when everybody lived down town at the Battery."

The Old Gentleman never heeded this interruption, but went on talking about the time when the Astor House was up-town, and all the swells lived [illegible] Beekman street, and "the old Park pit" was [illegible] glory, whatever that was.

The veteran was very bitter against the German [ele]ment in the Bowery. It startled and shocked him to find all the old-fashioned public-houses turned [into] lager-bier gardens. We stood a little South of the Theatre, when he waved his cane, with a Marius-in-the-ruins-of-Carthage air, and indulged in a "flood of recollections." Where were the "boys" who [illegible] made this spot classic ground? Where the crimson-shirted, drab-coated, short-footed, rolled-trowsered fellows, all heart and no waistcoat, who gave to the term Bowery-Boy a world-wide fame? The type [is] extinct. We have no more Bowery-Boys, but in their place rowdies and pugilists, who travel armed to the teeth, and find their chiefest pleasure in beating some inoffensive man to death.

And then public-houses. There was the Branch, much frequented by circus-managers, and a favorite resort of the first showman in the country, James R[aymond], who made a great fortune, of which the Broadway Theatre represented only a small part. And the North American Hotel, on the corner of Bayard street, where Charley Burke was wont to tie his legs into [illegible] knots, and tell quaint stories by the hour together. And John Worden's, on the other corner, where everybody went, actors, managers, editors, tradesmen, b[illegible] and all. Along the sidewalk were refreshment [stands], fruit stands, and many a man whose name is strong [in] the street, and whose daughters are finishing at M'me Chegary's or Mrs. Mears-Burkhardt's, has been glad to breakfast here in an al fresco style, for a very moderate sum, say three cents, though that would be a little dear in those days. And then the stewed oysters and whiskey punches at Rea's, under the North American! Will there ever again be any such stews, or such punches? Never! It can't be.

And the jokes and the sprees, the fun! That we shall never have again, nor anything like it.

And they are all gone. All except the good things that were first said here, and which I find now running through the rural press.

And the theatre: The old Bowery when Jackson, [illegible] Noir, and Hamblin had it. Here Malibran sung, and all the great artists of those days acted. There were good actors in the stock-companies, too, and Hamblin was sure to have one or two pretty women.

But now the audience is changed. The foreign element predominates, and the mental status of the public is very low. Once Macbeth was the most popular piece that could be offered to a Bowery-audience. Now the taste runs to miserable things called *Ledger*-dramas and pantomimes stolen or poorly imitated from the novels.

And the Old Gentleman couldn't see it.

But I do not suppose that his opinion is of much consequence to G. W. Lafayette Fox & Co. They have got in the New Bowery a chance to make a fortune, and they evidently intend to do it.

[illegible] edly do his best to assist the downward progress of the drama in the Oriental Districts.

The new theatre was disagreeably full, and the bouquet of the public was something wonderful to smell. The front rows of the pit presented a series of heads which, if there is anything in physiognomy, formed as pretty a gallery of rascals as could be found outside of a jail, and with the fairest prospects of getting inside before cold weather sets in. The boxes looked better, and many of the ladies were adorned in the highest Division-street style.

The play, not by Pilgrim, was a splendid thing in its way. It relates to the adventures of a young person of the better sex, who, it appears, has been engaged in the Venetian orange-trade, whether wholesale or retail it does not clearly appear. In other days, when a lady or a gentleman in the Bowery assumed airs of superiority, he or she was satirically informed to this effect, "I know'd you when your mother sold lemons," which was supposed to be a crusher.

But it is very evident from this play, that trade in tropical fruits was not considered as disgraceful in Venice as in the Bowery. This dealer was an important personage in the State, generally mixed up in all political affairs, and a sort of bear-leader for a young nobleman who is continually talking about liberty for Venice, and his father's grave.

The Governor, it seems, has been deposited in one of those astonishing stage-vaults where one has to go up a flight of steps for no other apparent purpose than to come down another flight. The nobleman makes a good deal of row over the grave, and is about to be forcibly ejected from the premises by a colored person who has the care of them. The mourner and the man in mourning fight, and Ethiopia is overthrown. It may truly be said of this sable delineator that nothing in his life became it so well as his leaving it. He died well. Not so his master, who had a similar difficulty directly afterwards with the same person. He died ingloriously, going to pieces in a heap like a wet towel.

A play that has two murders in the first act is not, I may say, cheerful. The catastrophe, I presume, must be a general massacre. The Oldest Man couldn't see the whole of it.

The actors are not much more brilliant than the play. The lady, Miss Cappell, is good-looking, but rather too demonstrative in her style. Belongs, I should judge, to the prairie-school. Extreme prairie, where they locate the old soldiers' warrants. The leader of the republican party in Venice is a little man named Nagle, who acts in an up-hill way that is very distressing. I am always afraid for a man's arteries when I see him acting in the conventional way, which Mr. Nagle has brought back to town after a long and welcome absence. I mean the "way," not Nagle.

But the lady who did the inevitable soubrette, who has the inevitable flirtation with the inevitable low-comedy man (Fox, very good), who is, by a bold and original thought, made a fisherman,—Sir, I have gazed upon charms, and revelled in fascinations, nay, I may say, in allurements. So has the Old Gentleman. But neither he nor I ever saw anything so stunning as this glorious creature. She made up her head and her mind to hit the audience, and she did it. I had her name in the tablets of my memory, but it has, I am sorry to say, got rubbed out.

Such is man's constancy and lovely woman's inevitable fate.

The New Bowery is very big and handsome enough. The plays, I presume, will be bad enough to be successful, and so long as the audience is satisfied I have no right to growl.

And I don't.

### Nine Points of the Law.

A pretty little comedy, which no one can find any fault with.

Given a young widow, Miss Ada Clifton; given an eccentric lover, F. A. Vincent; given a middle-aged, port-winey Britisher, Mark Smith; given a young woman who does not know how to dress her hair, and who is always ready to sing a song on the very slightest provocation, Miss McCarthy; given two other per[sons of] great consequence just here; and there are [illegible].

[The] widow has possession of a house which belongs [to a] middle-aged Britisher, who desires to get his [illegible] which he does not get, of course. He gets the [illegible] who hates actuality, while rights are generally [illegible] things which one never appreciates when he [has] got them.

[In this] play, Mr. Tom Taylor has shown what can [be done] by skilful hands with a single incident, and [it is] remarkably strong. Except the song, which [is introduced] in defiance of all propriety and good [taste, one] might imagine—so easy is the dialogue, so [natural] the situations, and so complete, to the minutest detail, the furniture and surroundings of the scene [that one] had been taken into a family confidence, and [passed] the hour in a real drawingroom.

I thought Miss Clifton played the widow remarkably [well]. She has naturally a good manner, is graceful, [though] a little affected, in her carriage and bearing. [She] is rapidly finding out, however, that the secret of [drawin]groom acting is like good breeding—a refined [simplicit]y, perfect repose, and a savoir faire, with which [one] can do nothing in particular in a way to make [it exc]eedingly charming. Mr. Mark Smith played the [Britis]her in a manner which suggested the *Times* [newspa]per, London porter, and hot joints, at every [turn]. His dress, however, is a little behind the age. [Breeches] and top boots have gone out with the mail [coaches]. Mr. Vincent played well, but was outrageously costumed. Think of even a "gent" making [love] to a lady, in large check trowsers, red flannel [shirt], a bobtailed jacket, and no waistcoat. Why, a [Camanche] Indian would not do it. The Oldest Man [said] it was an unheard-of atrocity.

"Nine points of the Law," with the "House or the [Home]," has been played every night this week at [Laura] Keene's, to crowded houses. I advise every [one] to see them. So does the Oldest Man.

### Things Generally.

"The Brightest and Best" will come out very strong [at] the Opera, on Monday, when they give the "Poliuto" [for] the Provincials. Apropos to the Opera, I see that [Miss] James, a New Yorker, who has been waiting a [long] time for a *début*, has at last made it at Cincinnati. [She] sung in Rigoletto (Parodi troupe) and made a success. The papers say she has a good voice, knows how to sing, is pretty, and acts well. I am sure I hope it is true, though I don't put much dependence upon the [provinc]ial press. I take the following, which tastes like my old friend N. G. G., from the Boston *Post*:

The Arts are languishing in Cincinnati. Pork is again and most wretchedly in the ascendant. "The School for Scandal" drew "but a slim audience" to the theatre a few nights since, and at Pike's Opera House "Lucia" was presented to a beggarly account of empty boxes. One of the "crickets" pertinently remarks: "What is the matter? Is music of a high order to languish in our midst for want of proper support from our citizens, and that, too, with a temple reared for its exaltation, with a princely lavishness and luxurious elegance unsurpassed by any other establishment in the world? We trust not."

Perhaps if they could move the Opera House down from the second floor it would pay.

Madame Bishop is going to sing to-night, at the Palace Garden Hall. She is really a great artist, and I would walk any distance, say two blocks, to hear her sing an English ballad. Who else can do it? Any of the Italians? Echo answers "Nary." Go and hear Bishop, all of you.

There is an immense number of entertaining people about now. I mean people whose business it is to give what they call entertainments, though sometimes the public don't see it. There is the immortal Massett, and then there is Hawker, who is as yet unknown to fame in these parts. Pretty soon we shall have Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drayton, who give drawingroom operas, with only two parts, a pleasant thing, I should judge. G. K. Dickinson has just arrived, with three ladies, English singers, and he is going into the entertaining business. Then there is Cowell, known to the fun-loving world by the familiar pre-nomen of "Sam." [illegible] exceedingly funny and never vulgar.

So, we run no risk of "entertainments" this Winter, though, in reading some announcements, the doubt of Touchstone as to whether a woman be a good or no, will recur to me.

Geraldine is still drawing full houses at Wallack's. It will be switched off next Wednesday, so people who have not seen it had better "vote early."

### The Winter Garden

Will be opened, they say, this evening, but the time may be changed till Monday. I have taken a critical, and altogether dispassionate, view of it. It is a success. Clear, positive, undeniable success. The place has been entirely metamorphosed, and the interior looks something like Wallack's, but more Frenchy. The proscenium is the prettiest and airiest thing in the world, almost a copy of that in the Opera Comique, and the line of sight is perfect from all parts of the house. The decorations are toned down so that they will be an agreeable relief to the stage picture, but not be too loud for the canons of taste. There is so much that is unique and odd about the place that it will at first have a success of curiosity, but I believe it will finally be the unanimous verdict of the public that the Winter Garden is the prettiest and most agreeable theatre in town. As papa Ritchie would remark, nous verrons.

PERSONNE.

### The Next Thing to It.

"Got any ice at your end of the table, Bill?"
"No; but I've got the next thing to it."
"What's that?"
"A severe cold."

### Negrological.

A colored man died in Charleston, last week, from eating too much hominy. Sic eunt fata hominum.

### The Man who loves his Fellow Men.

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

### Suspensions.

Dr. Bellows's "Suspense of Faith" has created as great a panic in the religious world as the Suspension of Specie Payments occasioned last year in the financial world. The rumor that the doctor himself is to be suspended is without foundation.

### Hors de Combat.

General Jackson's celebrated white horse died last week, at the age of 41 years, and was interred with all due solemnities, in the presence of a large concourse of his friends. It is proposed to erect a monument to his memory, the funds for which to be raised by the proceeds of an Oration now being prepared by a distinguished eulogist and statesman.

### Ladies' National Association.

A Society of this name, in England, having for its principal object "the preservation of the health of children," and boasting six honorable and titled patronesses, a treasurer, two secretaries, twelve directresses, a banking-house to attend to its fiscal affairs, etc., etc., has just published, as the result of its labors, the following tracts:

1. Why do not Women Swim? A voice from many waters. Price 2d.
2. The Evils of Wet Nursing. A Warning to Mothers. Price 2d.
3. The Health of Mothers. Price 1d.
4. How to Manage a Baby. Price 1d.
5. The Evils of Perambulators. Price 1d.
6. How to Feed a Baby with a Bottle. Price ½d.
7. The Cheap Doctor; a Word about Fresh Air. Price ½d.

### A Distinction with a Difference.

An intelligent Austrian having been reproached by John Mitchell with the barbarity of his native land, retorted upon the Irish "patriot" thus,—"The difference between us two, sir, is this: my country is a disgrace to me, but you are a disgrace to yours."

### Not According to the Code.

A Frenchman, on having a coat badly repaired, returned it to his tailor and indignantly demanded "a mend honorable."

### Dimity.

A member of the Woman's Rights Association writes to ask us if Professor Dimity, our new Minister to Central America, is a lady or a gentleman. As ministers go, we should say *neither*.

## Correspondence.

### THE UNITARY HOUSEHOLD, etc.

DEAR PRESS:—Have you ever been to Underhill's Unitary Household? I have dined there several times, and through a friend staying there, who says he never was better off in his life, have been made acquainted with its workings. It includes a row of brown stone fronted buildings on Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music, and though the rent of each narrow house is at the extravagant rate of $1750 a-year, yet by the system of "living at cost" which is here practised, the expense of each individual is less than half what it would be in the neighboring hotels, and about three dollars a week less than it would be in the upper class of boarding-houses.

Now for the term "Unitary." It was translated from the French some seventeen years ago, by the *Tribune*, and used in connection with the improved modes of living which that journal then advocated. It means a unity of material interests, and operates thus: each individual pays rent for his room exactly in proportion to the rent of the whole building, without any profit being made by the head of the house. If any rooms become vacant, however, the rent is divided among all the inmates, who find thereby an increase in their week's expenses. It is therefore the interest of all to procure new inmates among their acquaintances.

The head of the establishment pays himself a salary, and this, together with salaries of clerks, wages of servants, fuel, rent of parlors, kitchens, laundry, and other items, is summed up each week and divided also among the residents. Each room, in addition to its rent, has, if unoccupied, to bear a portion of this charge, which, too, is shared by the inmates. All this is called the General Expense.

The food is charged for exactly at cost of the raw article only, as cooking, waiting, etc., has already been included in the General Expense. People eat at small tables, in the restaurant style: a bill of fare is furnished, and also slips of paper on which the inmates write their names, the date, and articles wished for. The servant takes this, files it, and the clerk after each meal charges it in the books.

Meats thus cost 4 and 5 cents per plate; vegetables, puddings, preserves, pies, fruit, etc., 2 and 3 cents. Coffee, tea, or cocoa, 2 cents. Bread of any kind, 1 cent. Butter or cheese, 1 cent. A great variety is offered, and all at these low rates. No strong liquors are sold in the house, but light wines and champagne are in plenty at the wholesale cost prices. You can thus call for your bottle of red table wine, and pay 25 cents, or your bottle of champagne, and pay 75 cents, instead of $2, which you pay everywhere else.

The system has been in practice seventeen months, and though defective at first, now works admirably. When neighboring establishments, in the heat of Summer, had half of their rooms empty, here there were but half a dozen vacancies. At all other times the establishment has been full to overflowing—the proprietor has no pecuniary care, but fobs his salary and relieves his surplus spirits by comic songs on the piano. A very jolly fellow is he, who has seen many ups and downs of life—studied much and thought much. His experiment of living at cost has well succeeded. He is now one of those nice individuals who can "keep a hotel." Much praise to him. Of all material reforms [illegible] in reducing the expenses of the mercantile and legal class. Persons who formerly boarded for eight and ten dollars per week, now live here for five. The buildings are at an immense rent and accommodate but a hundred persons. The greater the number of inmates the greater the economy. It is calculated that in an establishment as large as the St. Nicholas, the expense to each, including washing, would not exceed $2 50 per week. It would thus remove mechanics and sewing-girls from greasy boarding places and dirty garrets, into regions of silver forks, French cooking, rich carpets and furniture, mirrors, pianos, and high class periodicals; thereby increasing their self-respect, widening their esthetic taste, and enabling them to economize far more than at present. The world moves! This time is not far off. Other persons talk of imitating Underhill on a larger scale, and capitalists stand ready to guarantee the rent and purchase furniture.

My friend is much pleased with his residence at Underhill's. There are people there of fine mental acquirements, and persons of good musical ability. Song, dance, and profitable conversation enliven the evening for those who attend the parlors.

The house, owing to the number of its inmates, has also the advantage of a hotel, in that although society can constantly be had, perfect privacy can be maintained. Families can eat at separate tables, remain in their own apartments, and have no communication with any one.

And now, to the winds with statistics and reform! My pen is dipped in oats, and wants a fling.

Being bound lately to a semi-barbarous district of Jersey, I met a quantity of negroes on the boat, destined to a campmeeting. As a foretaste they indulged in a hymn:

"With singing and shouting, we'll make Jordan roar;
We'll reach fair Canaan, and stand on the shore."

An artist-friend I met, advised me to attend the meeting. He grew enthusiastic upon its picturesqueness at night, when the lights scattered through the grove, are playing upon the negroes' dusky forms, and their voices ring in the harmony that their untutored, but naturally musical ears, dictate, taking bass, tenor, and alto by instinct.

The negro is a creature of the gorgeous tropics. Their setting sun, their spicy gales, and myriad flowers are implanted in his being. When touched by the wand of civilization, he decks himself in brilliant colors, and as latent visions of beauty fill his soul with their language, so does he with marvellous truth, render it in song, or with instrument of string or wind, revolve the fitful images into melody.

The air around us is music, and needs but attuning. Who does not feel that, when enchanted by the echoes of a brass band?

We will then love the air. We will love, too, our fellow-man, for the beauty that is in him, which no cloud of sin can wholly darken. We will believe, that as the air evolves music when marshalled into order, so will man's soul ring wondrous harmonies, when freed from its present chaos.

I showed, my dear PRESS, a sad inappreciation of poetry in my last. I spoke with jest of an enraptured individual, who on a very short acquaintance, followed a blooming being to a watering-place, and sent her one early morning a pail, enwreathed with garlands, of purest spring water, to wash her lovely form. The unresponding lady and her friends were convulsed, and so was I. The idea was too rich! We did not look at its abstract beauty. To a young and gentle *wife*, fancy the tribute of crystal water embosomed in roses! What fresher, purer, and brighter type could be poured upon, and blended with, her sweet being!

Or, in future ages of purity, when costume will be thrown off or on, as caprice or temperature may dictate;—then even to a maiden—well and good! But to dare to hint at the form of a fair lady of the present day. Oh! oh! It is a face and a dress. It is like the Queen of Spain's legs; not only never to be imagined, but not to be supposed to exist.

Evidently our poet blundered. He is a creature of the future, rather than the present.

NEMESIS.

### A COMING EVENT.—A FABLE.

[illegible], Me., Sept. —th, 1859.

We have all read the instructive story of the frog who would puff himself up to the size of his neighbor, the ox, and we all know with how direful a fate he was punished for his presumption. The same, or a similar one, has befallen our dearly beloved city, Portland, and I hasten to give you the earliest intelligence. Poor Portland! The object which she had sighed and longed for, and had even built a pier for, seemed at last within her reach, and the consequences to our neighbor have been even *pira* than the most envious croaker would have dared to predict.

Arches had been stretched across the streets inscribed with—"Iron, the only tonic the British Constitution needs—America her proper physician," and other appropriate mottoes. The ladies of the different parishes, burying their private feuds, and laying aside their sectarian squabbling for the moment, united amicably in the manufacture of an enormous pincushion, large enough for belaying pins, on which was inscribed, in golden letters, "Welcome Mighty Stranger," and which is to be presented, not so much to the commanding officer, as to the ship herself, in which it was to be regarded as a *transmittendum*.

Public expectation standing on tiptoe, described the Leviathan of steamships, even the *Great Eastern* herself, almost before she had left the trans-atlantic dock. She was really in sight at last, and the good Portlanders hastened to prepare banquets for her officers, speeches, salutes, and fireworks, and all the other modern inventions which serve as escape-pipes for enthusiasm, and which express in a mild way every form of emotion with which the American bosom ever swells. The Portlanders did all this in evidence of their appreciation, at its proper value, of the great honor done them—and had not Lever tried to rob them of it?—and then hurried down to the water's edge and bestowed themselves in the most favorable positions for watching the entrance of the great monster into their magnificent harbor.

Short-sighted mortals! Scarcely had the *Great Eastern* reached the entrance to the bay, when, before a gun had yet been fired, or a cheer had split the air—consternation filled the bosoms of Portland's sons and daughters. The huge mass of water displaced by her great bulk, and driven before her at a terrific speed, swept like a torrent along the shores, overflowed the bounds nature or art had set there to its further progress, and tearing towns, villages, and even Portland herself, from their foundations, left them floating about on the flood at the mercy of the storm of rollers which made every house in all the towns home-sick as they went up and down over their broad backs, and were driven further and further from their native resting-places.

There is a worse than this to tell, however. Portland, the Queen of sea-ports, transformed into an inland town, would have been cruel fate enough, but the wreck did not stop here.

Discovering the damage he was doing to the people he was only anxious to please, the commanding officer ordered the ship's engines to be reversed. No sooner said than done, and this "gigantic specimen of naval architecture" floated out of the harbor. But then into the vacuum thus created, whirling and girating about like straws and bubbles in a mill-race, back came Portland and the adjoining villages again, hurrying to the coast, and so out into the bay, as though bent upon an extensive fishing excursion.

Houses floated about full of their inhabitants—and of the aunts and cousins who had come down from the back country—like birds' nests, and the wharves, and piers, and piles of lumber, all had their human freight. Aristocratic mansions which had stood sedately for over a century in H—— street, now found themselves opposite, or next door to disreputable Irish shanties, built only the day before yesterday. The Rev. So-and-So's Free Will Baptist place of worship might be seen nodding and bobbing its many pointed tower like a Chinese Mandarin at the tall spire of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, as though they were not always [illegible] been the best of friends, etc., etc.

The officer commanding the *Great Eastern* was, so to speak, up a tree. What in the world to do to get rid of the unfortunate crowd floating about him, and belaboring him in no very gentle terms? A sudden thought struck him. The word was given to the engineers, the wheels began to revolve again, the flood came, and Portland was seen disappearing over the edge of the nearest hills. The engines were stopped gradually, the vessel anchored, the tide came slowly back, leaving the houses, which had once been clustered on the seashore with a picturesque regularity, now scattered about the open country in the most charming confusion. Houses which were upon hills now stand in valleys. Pious people who had lived under the eaves of a sanctuary, now find themselves next door to a billiard-room. Taverns which were once temperance, have settled in a rum-drinking neighborhood. Out of all this confusion, when will order ever be evoked? Until that shall have come to pass, to be a Portlander will not be considered the inestimable privilege it once was thought to be.

MORAL. Let the steamer come first to New York.

VATES.

## Literary Notes.

—The eighth volume of *Bancroft's History of the United States* will be published in a few weeks: the history including the period elapsing from the battle of Bunker Hill to the final signing of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Bancroft's first volume was published twenty-five years ago. The seventh volume, published last year, is the first of a series of four, extending from the outbreak of the Revolutionary War to the peace of Paris in 1782. It is intimated in *Harper's Weekly* that beyond that date—the formation of the Union—Mr. Bancroft does not intend to proceed, inasmuch as our republican system since then is too much of an undecided experiment to be treated in a satisfactory manner by the historian.

—The Rev. Dr. Hawks of this city has declined the Professorship of History recently tendered him by the Trustees of the University of North Carolina.

—We select from the list of publications, on sale by J. Lilly, of London, some of the items which may prove interesting to lovers of old books, and to the general reader as showing the prices *asked* for rare editions. Anthologia Græca, 4to editio princeps, printed in capital letters, red morocco. Florent, 1494. £8 18s. 6d.—Ballads (Curious Old) and Broadside Poems, with wood engravings to each, in 3 vols. folio, half russia, £42.—Turner's Southern Coast of England, 2 vols. in 1, folio, large paper, proof impressions, morocco extra, £18 18s.—Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, Engraving, etc., 5 vols. 4to, sprinkled calf, £6 6s.; Strawberry Hill, 1762.—Walpole's Description of Strawberry Hill, 4to, large paper, extensively illustrated with Portraits, Plates, and Drawings, half morocco, £31 10s.; Strawberry Hill, 1784.—Walton's Complete Angler, the first six editions, 12mo, elegantly bound in olive morocco, by Bedford; 1653-76.—Spenser's Færie Queene, 2 vols. 4to. First Edition, olive morocco elegant, £12 12s.; 1590.—do. 2 vols. 4to, 2nd Edit. rus. extra, £12 12s.; 1596.—Taylor's (John, Water-Poet) Workes, folio, frontispiece by Harris, old gilt russia, £10 10s.; 1630.—Theocritus, folio, Editio Princeps, russia, by Roger Payne, very fine, £6 16s. 6d.; Aldus, 1495.—Pilpai Fabulæ, folio, numerous most curious wood Engravings, antique morocco, by Bedford, £15 15s.; 1480.—Platonis Opera, Gr. folio, Editio Princeps, mor. super extra, £10 10s.; Aldus, 1513.—Plutarch's Vitæ, Gr. folio, red mor. extra uncut, £12 12s.; Aldus, 1519.—Poetæ Christiani Veteres, Gr. et Lat. 4 vols. 4to, complete, mor. extra, £15 15s.; Aldus, 1509.—Caxton's Golden Legend, folio, red morocco, by Bedford, £31 10s.; W. de Worde, 1527.—Cervantes Don Quixote, 4 vols. 4to, calf extra, by Kalthoeber, £6 16s. 6d.; Madrid, 1780.—Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, folio, 297 leaves, but wanting some, antique morocco, £31 10s.; Pynson, 1493.—Chaucer's Works, folio, First Edition, antique

morocco super extra, by Bedford, £31 10s.; Godfray, 1532.—Quarles's Emblemes, 12mo, First Edition, rus. super extra, by Bedford, £8 18s. 6d.; 1635.—Rogers's Italy, 8vo, with 16 elegant Drawings by Stothard, and Autograph Note of the Author, morocco super extra, £26 5s.; 1830.—do. Poems, 8vo, with 8 original Drawings by Stothard, and additional Plates, mor. super extra, £15 15s.—Shakespeare, a Unique Series of the first 7 folio Editions, quite perfect, and in the finest condition, very elegantly bound in Roger Payne red mor. by Bedford; 1623–85.—Milton's Lycidas, 4to, First Edition, £6 6s.; 1638.—Milton's Poems, 12mo, First Edition, with rare Portrait, calf gilt, £8 18s. 6d.; 1645.—Milton's Paradise Lost, 4to, First Edition, with first title, calf gilt, £7 17s. 6d.; 1677.—do. 4to, First Edition, with second title, calf gilt, £6 6s.; 1669.—Elizabeth's (Queen) Prayer Book, 4to, First Edition, russia, £10 10s.; 1578.—Herodotus, folio, Editio Princeps, red morocco super extra, £6 6s.; Aldus, 1502.

### GREAT CHESS-BOOK.

Messrs. Rudd & Carleton have just published, The Book of the First American Chess Congress, containing the proceedings of that celebrated assemblage, held in New York in the year 1857, with the papers read in its sessions, the games played in the Grand Tournament, and the stratagems entered in the Problem Tournay, together with sketches of the history of Chess in the Old and New Worlds; by Daniel Willard Fiske, M.A., Official Secretary of the Congress, Editor of the *Chess Monthly*, etc. The book is adorned with an unpublished stratagem by Mr. Eugene B. Cook, in sixty-eight moves, engraved and printed in colors.

### Speculative Theology.

The leading sensation-preachers of the day,—such as Beecher, Spurgeon, Parker, Chapin, etc.,—are said to make from five thousand to twenty thousand dollars a-year. They are engaged in preaching what may be called "speculative theology;" in fact, the speculation would do credit to Wall street.

### Rather Flighty.

Our friend Jo. Cose defines a flighty woman to be an absconding wife.

### Latest from the Sky.

Last week, Meriam announced that he had obtained a piece of the aurora borealis and had given to it the name "silkery of the skies." This week, we learn, he has obtained a pint of lacteal fluid from the Galaxy, which he denominates the "milkery of the skies."

### SHAKESPEARE AND WOMAN.

There is one element in the genius of Shakespeare which we will distinctly notice; it is the feminine element. This is a security, perhaps more enduring than any other, for the immortality of Shakespeare in literature. No genius that deals with human life is complete without including both the masculine and the feminine elements. One, away from the other, issues into no living product, but is doomed to die. Nor merely this: one away from the other does not unfold its own fullest nature: each, by itself, is not only barren, but stunted. The genius which includes them both, and develops both, is like those plants that have the two sexes in the same flower, in which the blossom that gives delight by its beauty gives, at the same time, the promise of coming fruit and of deathless seed. It may be said, that this will hold as well for genius in woman as in man; and that if genius in man must include the feminine element, genius in woman must include the masculine element. We grant the position; but we grant it with a certain modification: it is this,—that, as the masculine element should predominate in the genius of man, the feminine element should predominate in the genius of woman, a contrary order is not excellent, but unnatural,—is not delightful, but disagreeable. Mere emotion and sympathy in woman, separate from sound thinking, leaves her a simpleton or a sentimentalist; mere intellect in man, separate from sensibility and intuition, leaves him a surly Cynic or a reasoning machine: but we can hardly tell which is the more intolerable, a lachrymose man, or a logical woman. The feminine element is not only important in literature for the completeness of genius; it is also important, because it is by that element that genius obtains the sympathy of woman: and without the sympathy of woman no literature that deals with humanity can be said to live. The literature that can last, must have common interest for man and woman; but if it lean to either side, it should be that of woman: for the life of woman is always nearer to nature than that of man; her instincts and sentiments are more primitive; her sense of sex is more vigilant and tenacious; her thoughts are more spontaneous, rapid, and direct;—and the whole constitutes an inward character, that maintains a wonderful unity amidst the numberless varieties of her sex, and a continued identity, which is neither lost nor obscured, throughout the manifold changes of history or the world. The literature, therefore, which not only has no feminine element, but, still worse, which has no feminine interest, wants the most vital element of humanity. If so it be with simple exclusion, what must it be with the literature which depreciates woman, scorns her, mocks her, ridicules her, and satirises her? The one she will neglect, the other she will detest. What woman reads Rabelais? What woman reads Montaigne or Bayle? What woman reads Alexander Pope or Jonathan Swift? And with all the genius of these writers, they can hardly be said to have any *living* interest in the world. What woman reads them? But also it may be inquired, What man? To this question we reply, that if women read them, men would; and if women had read them, they would not so soon have become obsolete.

The subtility and the thoroughness with which Shakespeare has comprehended the nature of woman, is one of the profoundest secrets of his genius. All the elemental germs of her nature seem to have been hidden in his own; and when his genius began to work, these germs unfolded themselves into all the types of womankind. The types so unfolded are mental-mirrors, in which every representative woman may see the reflection of her class. It is not that Shakespeare dives into the depths of woman's passions; that he goes through dark mazes of her guilt, her cunning, and her crime; that he detects her concealed motives and her sinful schemes; it is that he is equally familiar with her innocence, with her guileless love, her girlish joys, her vanities, her sports, her tricks, her waywardness and wiles, the slightest motion that ripples the surface of her life, and with that pathetic and prophetic story of virgin fears and of womanly hopes which she only whispers in her sleep. Thus is Shakespeare's genius interveined through all the inward life of womanhood, with a penetrating power, a discernment of spirit, a truthfulness of feeling, and a fullness of sympathy, which are almost more than natural. For this reason, Shakespeare has both enchantment and awe for the genuine woman's mind,—such a mind loves him while it fears him; and this is the highest love that woman knows. The woman—who is of any worth—does not love the trifler, or the flatterer, or the weakling: she loves the man whose strength she can admire, whose insight makes her tremble while she feels that it reads her secret thoughts, and who is of the serious integrity that will not degrade her or him by the base bribery of lying words; who is, at the same time, of the heroic and affectionate nature that moves her enthusiasm and that captivates her heart. If such a combination would be resistless to woman in the character of a man, in another way it must be as much so in the character of his genius. On these grounds, the genius of Shakespeare must be to women of soul a glory and a might, such as no genius has ever been before to woman, such as perhaps no genius will ever be again. Some poets of modern times have wonderfully ingratiated themselves in the admiration of women: Byron, by sentiment and passion; Schiller, by delicacy, feeling, and enthusiasm; Goethe, by a sort of demoniac magic; Scott, by a natural and massive manliness; Tennyson, by a certain witchery, half earthly, half unearthly, that brings together the sensuous and the spiritual in music and beauty which have always entrancement for womanly susceptibility. But though these, at first, produce more excitement, Shakespeare has more lasting inspiration; he is, in truth, the kingly master of them all; he transcends them all, as Prospero the slavish sprites of his island, or rather as Solomon, in Eastern legends, transcends the spirits and genii of air and sea.—*Christian Examiner for September.*

## Chess Column
OF
The New York Saturday Press.

SEPTEMBER 10th, 1859.

### Letter from the Chess Editor.

IN THE COUNTRY, September 7th.

Do not suppose, O too credulous Able Editor, that I have it in my mind to lose an hour of rural felicity by writing a chess-column for this week's SATURDAY PRESS. I am aware of the weighty responsibility which I thereby incur. I know that as a consequence, your sale will fall a good ten thousand short. I know that on Saturday morning ten thousand hearts will grow heavy, and twenty thousand eyes will fill with moisture at the omission of those flashing conceptions which usually blaze from out the dullness of your third page. I know that on the afternoon of that Jewish Sabbath a myriad of despondent men will throng your editorial halls, anxiously inquire into the fate of the well-known and gifted son (and sun) of genius and chess, and sternly insist upon the discontinuance of their paper. I know, too, that I shall forfeit the paltry hundred dollars, with which the munificence of your Financial Proprietor rewards each of my weekly efforts. But what do I reck of your chagrin, of your readers' despair, or of my own pecuniary disadvantage, while I can lie indolently here, between the grass and the sky, drinking unmeasured draughts of delight, with my eyes from the "Idylls" in my hand, and with my ears from those other Idyls which surrounding nature melodiously sings?

Since that afternoon when I took my leave of you, charging you to treat with generous tenderness, during my absence, those provincial chess-editors whose unnatural envy sometimes leads them into the soon-repented utterance of opinions disrespectful to the great type and prime of their profession,—since that sad day I have utterly abandoned chess. The only checks that I have felt compelled to care for, have been that in my pocket and those on my baggage; the only mates in which I have taken any interest are those which I am watching now as they sit lovingly cooing on the dove-cote at the foot of the garden; and yonder meadow flecked with alternate patches of sunshine and shade, is the only checkered field at which I gaze with any emotions of pleasure. Visions of Kings threatened with disaster, of Amazonian Queens, unyielding Castles, militant Bishops, valiant Knights, and valorous Pawns no longer disturb my nightly slumbers. My dreams are of purling brooks, green valleys, rock-ribbed mountains, tree-sheltered cottages, gentle shepherds, and prize cattle.

Why don't you do the chess-column this week yourself, Able Editor? In your utter ignorance of the caissan art (which you have confessed to me with many sighs), you already possess one of the most important characteristics of the modern chess-editor.

Or why not let Personne try it?

Or his Italian namesake?

Or the poetical pundit of Portsmouth?

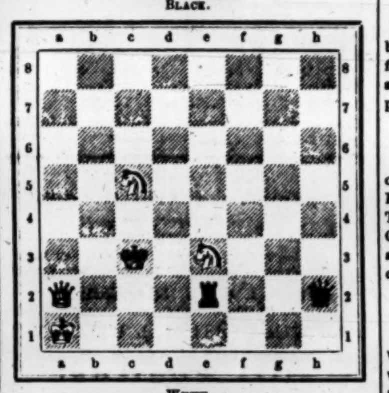
Or any one of that legion of sages whose love of humanity leads them to pour, through the pages of the SATURDAY PRESS, an hebdomadal shower of wit and wisdom upon the parched and thirsty fields of ignorance?

I forbid you to inform the police that a challenge has been sent to me by a blood-thirsty chess-editor of a neighboring city. The challenger, as you, who know that his courage is by no means Achillean, will readily guess, is not Artesianus. My adversary's second, a zealous devotee of the P. R., insists that the duello shall be fought after the true old Anglo-Saxon fashion, in the Morrissey-Heenan style. I am accustomed to handle my foemen without gloves, and flatter myself that I can cause as much claret to flow, whenever the opportunity occurs, as any other man; I have therefore agreed to the terms proposed. The contest will take place in a few weeks. Meanwhile you can picture to yourself the direful consequences which will result to you, the SATURDAY PRESS, and the world, if the proposed mill shall terminate in grinding into small pieces the body of the subscriber.

Leaving the terrible tableau to the coloring of your own imagination, I remain ever your faithful, generous, and accomplished CHESS-EDITOR.

### PROBLEM NO. 33.
By D'ORVILLE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

### DIVORCED BY MISTAKE.

One Winter there came to Trenton, New Jersey, two men, named Smith and Jones, who had both of them designs on the Legislature. Jones had a bad wife and was in love with a pretty woman—he wished to be divorced from his bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman, who, by the way, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a form! Therefore Jones came to Trenton for a divorce.

Smith had a good wife, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for a turnpike or plankroad, to extend from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow.

Well, they, with these different errands, came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments. First, suppers mainly composed of oysters with rich background of venison; second, liquors in great plenty, from "Jersey lightning," which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquor shape, to Newark champagne.

To speak in plain prose, the divorce man gave a champagne supper, and Smith, the turnpike man, followed with a champagne breakfast, under the mollifying influence of which the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and turnpike bills; and Jones and Smith—a copy of each bill in their pockets—went rejoicing home, over miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stage coaches.

Smith arrived home in the evening, and as he sat down in his parlor, his pretty wife beside him—how pretty she did look!—and five of her children overhearing the other five studying their lessons in the corner of the room, Smith was induced to expatiate upon the good results of his mission to Trenton.

"A turnpike my dear; I am one of the directors and will be President. It will set me up, love; we can send our children to the boarding-school, and live in style out of the toll. Here is the charter, honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty little wife, who was one of the nicest of wives, with plumpness and goodness dimpling all over her face, "let me see it," as she leaned over Mr. Smith's shoulder.

But all at once Smith's visage grew long; Smith's wife's visage grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath.

"Blast us, wife, those infernal scoundrels at Trenton have gone and divorced us!"

It was too true; the parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the names of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in frightfully legible letters.

Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Here's a turnpike," she said sadly, "and with the whole of our ten children staring me in the face, I aint your wife! Here's a turnpike."

"Blast the pike and the Legislature and—"

Well, the fact is that Smith, reduced to single blessedness, enacted into a stranger to his own wife, swore awfully. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's town had gone to bed, Smith bid his late wife to put on her bonnet, and arm in arm they proceeded to the clergyman of their church.

"Goodness, bless me!" exclaimed the good man as he saw them enter. Smith looking like the last of June shad, Smith's wife wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron—"Goodness bless me, what's the matter?"

"The matter is, I want you to marry us two right off," replied Smith.

"Marry you!" ejaculated the clergyman with expanded fingers and awful eyes; "are you drunk, or what is the matter with you?"

However, he finally married them over straightway and would not take a fee; the fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone that he might give vent to a suppressed laugh that was shaking him all over; and Smith and Smith's wife went joyfully home and kissed every one of their children. The little Smiths never knew that their father and mother had ever been made strangers to each other by legislative enactment.

Meanwhile, and on the same night, Jones returned to his native town—Burlington, I believe—and sought at once the fine black eyes which he had hoped shortly to call his own. The pretty widow sat on the sofa, a white kerchief tied carelessly about her round white throat, her black hair laid in silky waves against each rosy cheek.

"Divorce, is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her double chin; "the fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll be married tonight. I knew how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper—or was it breakfast? did the business for them. Put on your bonnet and let us go to the preacher's at once, dearest."

The widow, who was among widows as peaches among apples, put on her bonnet and took Jones's arm, and—

"Just look how handsome it is put on parchment!" cried Jones, pulling out the document before her; "here's the law that says that Jacob Jones and Ann Caroline Jones are two."

Putting her plump gloved hand on his shoulder she did look at it.

"O dear!" she said, with her rosy lips, and sank back, half fainting on the sofa.

"O blazes!" cried Jones, and sank beside her, rustling the fatal parchment in his hand; "here's a lot of happiness and champagne gone to ruin."

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced, and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was simply, by the Legislature of New Jersey, incorporated into a turnpike company, and what made it worse, authorised to run from Burlington to Bristol! When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a mile apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river, you will observe the extreme hopelessness of Jones's case.

"It's all the fault of that turnpike man who gave them the champagne supper—or was it the breakfast?" cried Jones in agony. "If they'd chartered me to a turnpike from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow, I might have borne it; but the very idea of building a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol bears an absurdity on the face of it."

So it did.

"And you aint divorced," said Eliza, a tear running down each cheek.

"No!" thundered Jones, crushing his hat between his knees, "and what is worse, the legislature is adjourned, and gone home drunk, and won't be back to Trenton till next year!"

It was a hard case.

The mistake (?) had occurred on the last day of the session, when legislators and transcribing clerks were laboring under a champagne breakfast. Smith's name had been put where Jones's ought to have been, and "wisey wersey," as the Latin poet has it.

### The Great Eastern.

An idea of the size of this mammoth steamship may be inferred from the fact that persons occupying her forward berths are to be charged double price, on account of the advantage they will have of arriving in port in advance of their fellow-passengers.

### Aristocracy.

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having now been completed, the first Opera night will positively take place on

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No effort has been spared to render the performances of

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**Madame PAULINE COLSON,**

who will appear as soon as she will have recovered from the injuries received through the accident she met with ten days ago.

The following operas will be performed, having been especially selected with a view of affording an opportunity to the residents, and numerous strangers, of hearing Madame CORTESI and Madame GASSIER in those *rôles* which have earned for them their great European reputation.

**Madame ADELAIDE CORTESI**

will appear in the opera of NORMA (her greatest character), TROVATORE, LUCREZIA BORGIA, the new opera of POLIUTO (the grand success of last season), and SAFFO.

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will appear in LA SONNAMBULA—her greatest character—the BARBER OF SEVILLA, ERNANI, and I'PURITANI.

**Madame GASSIER and Madame CORTESI**

will appear together in Mozart's DON GIOVANNI.

In addition to these opera nights, there will be given

**A GRAND GALA MATINEE,**
**On Saturday, Sept. 17th,**

In which both Madame CORTESI, Madame GASSIER, and BRIGNOLI will appear.

The GALA MATINEE will comprise

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The first night will take place on MONDAY, Sept. 12th, when Madame CORTESI will appear. The second on WEDNESDAY, 14th, for the first appearance of Madame GASSIER. The third and fourth nights, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, September 15th and 16th, and the Matinee on SATURDAY, September 17th.

The sale of seats will commence on Saturday, Sept. 10.

There will be two regular ticket offices—up-town, at the Academy of Music, and down-town at Sibell's station store, corner of Wall and Nassau streets. There will be likewise two branch ticket offices, at Breusing's, and Hall & Son's music stores.

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GOOD NEWS—*From the Christian Advocate and Journal.*—A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices we see no reason why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured, adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler & Wilson machine for family use, and for manufacturers in the same range of purpose and material. During the past year the trials were numerous, and all the patents of any pretension were brought fairly into competition. In every case the Wheeler & Wilson machine won the highest premium. We may instance the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri, and California, and the Fairs in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Richmond, and San Francisco. At the Fair of the St. Louis Mechanical Association, the Examining Committee was composed of twenty-five Ladies of the highest social standing, who, without a dissenting voice, awarded for the Wheeler & Wilson Machine the highest and only premium, a Silver Pitcher, valued at $75. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can.

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N. B.—You will also find at PFAFF'S the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

### "SUMMER IS DEAD."

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

Hush! tell it not to the flowers and trees,
Whisper it not to the birds and the breeze;
Let not the blossoms of crimson and blue,
Hear the sad tale, though its burden be true!
Summer is dead!

Hush! for the sea hath suspended its breath,
Fearing to catch the first summons of death;
And the bright clouds that are passing away,
Fain must drop tears could they hear what you say,
Summer is dead!

Aye! though her mantle of glory is still
Spread over garden and meadow and hill,
Though the rich bloom hath no touch of decay,
And the bee toils through the long sunny day,
Summer is dead!

Aye! it is ended! From forest and glen,
From cities alive with the conflict of men,
From the grass at our feet, from the now silent bird,
From earth, sea, and sky, in our spirits is heard,
Summer is dead!

So much of her glory and gladness is left,
We sigh not as those of her presence bereft;
Her crown and her garlands unfaded are hung,
Where they dropped when aside they were carelessly flung;
Summer is dead!

*September* 1, 1859.

### THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

REPORT of a Discourse delivered at the reopening of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Sunday evening, Sept. 4, by Rev. WILLIAM ALVIN BARTLETT.

Jesus saith unto them, bring of the fish which ye have now caught.—John xxi. 10

In leaving you in July, I drew my farewell instructions from Peter's remark: "I go a-fishing." I welcome you back with Jesus' command to His disciples, after their night of futile toil, and after their nets were groaning with evidences of His Godship: "Bring of the fish which ye have now caught."

Every excursion, every business has a time for reviewal and retrospection. It is the history of each active life to plunge into earnest endeavor, to grapple with the chances of success, to clinch with the crisis, and, after the business-battle, to sit calmly, beyond defeat or victory, and gloat over its trophies or grieve over its disasters. A man's inner life should yield to this natural polity. Each day is an anniversary, with Nature; each the product and efflorescence of all the past. In some sense, the bountiful harvests of this season have germs in antediluvian ancestry. Nature's aristocracy is outraged if it does not antedate the suns, and her ethics and ecclesiastics rest upon apostolic succession from the primal gases. The last thing is the product of all past things. The last thought is pushed out upon the extreme end (thus far) of all preceding intellections—just as the last bloomed flower is the freshest expression of all the centuries of flowering, and decaying Nature's farthermost and best pioneer. Now *that* man is unnatural, unmanly, insusceptible to the natural ethics and eloquences of all this blossoming earth, of all maturing life, if he do not occasionally clap brake to his mental and moral machinery, and retrospect and repair. Large manufacturing establishments find it necessary to devote a portion of each year, regularly, to carefully inspecting and repairing their multifarious departments. The power is shut off, and the sound of the hammer is heard where the purr of the spindle has subsided, and men handle scrutinizingly strap and wheel, and creep through the intricate mechanism to be reassured of its soundness. The clerks are busy adding up the final profit and loss. The fish are brought in, and they are counting them. It would be an unpardonable neglect if this human—aye this immortal mechanism, which is spinning, from day to day, the thread of destiny and tossing to and fro the shuttle of character to the rhythm of celestial music—strange if this texture, which our souls shall wear after our bodies are worn out—wear while *God is God*—strange if they are not valuable enough to be halted, and inspected, and corrected.

"*Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.*" Let us see how you have done during these long weeks, during these past lives of ours.

If we keep close to this miracle of Christ we shall find the elements of successful fishing, i. e., successful accumulating, garnering of fish, or beast, or metal, or the gathering in of mental or moral jewels, which is a nobler art than Isaac Walton's. The disciples went "a-fishing." They were good fishermen, and they went well equipped. They were laborious fishermen. They had worn the weary night with no return for their perseverance. One thing was wanting. Christ had not come to pour through their waiting hands and watching eyes His diviner influence. Here we have the two sure means of all achievements spiritual—an earnest, ready man, and a present, cooperating God. One element you have all had—i. e., a willing, yearning God and Father. He stands ever upon the shores of life's sea, and shouts to the misguided fishermen in life's sorry ocean: "Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find." The voice of conscience is ever thus shouting in our heart's ear. God's established spiritual laws, by which souls are lifted into spiritual glories, are ever operating around us. We have but to lay hold of them and they will operate through us. Now, if you have not been lucky (as fishermen say), the fault is yours. You have not heeded the voice nor heard the call—nor are you ready yet to go ashore, where the risen Jesus shall examine your filled nets and lead you to His provided feast—feast of fruition love.

But "*bring ye of the fish which ye have now caught.*" You have some of you been fishing long; but if you have as yet done no spiritual angling, your life is futile thus far. God strews temptations to virtue all along our way. Life is like climbing Bunker Hill Monument. We press in through the dark passageway, and a light greets us. On we go, circling around into deeper and deeper darkness of sorrow and trial, until, just as we seem dispirited and benighted, we catch the glimmer of another light around the curve, that lifts our souls up to its joyous radiance—and then beyond the next darkness comes a loop-hole that gives us a view of verdure and contentment—cloud and light, affliction and joy, loop-hole and darkness alternate, lifting us up by each true step to more extended vision, 'till our feet press upon the last great darkness, and mountain-top and cloud-bank drop out of view, and we emerge into the empyrean, where all is luminous and lovely.

"Bring of your fish." Have you caught gold fish? Wealth? Well they are rare and glittering, and you are congratulated by covetous eyes everywhere. You have achieved a real worthy distinction, not so much that you see their little shiny scales, and the glitter of their sides as they part the crystal current like the flash of a scimetar in mid air, but because they compliment your industry and economy. You deserve much real, hearty good-will. You are a monarch in your way, for money is king amongst the nations. The Rothschilds with the potent sceptre of millions revolutionize Europe, and make this planet of Mammon quake, although we see only their puppets, named Napoleon, and Francis Joseph, and Maximilian, and Louis, and Alexander; but they are the power behind and under the throne, aye the throne itself. An army of a million dollars, well generaled and divisioned, with a solid infantry of bullion more adamantine than the British square at Waterloo, and a cavalry of coinage to be hurled at sudden weaknesses, and a flying artillery of exchanges, and check and draft that spirits away opposition as a vertical sun does a mist-bank—ah! my friends, with such a cavalcade, I can override the nations, Sebastapols, and Gibraltars, and Solferinos, and Frenchmen, and Austrians, and English, and Russians, and Americans, are all swayed by the nod of the Money King. So, if you have caught wealth you are powerful, and laboriously, painfully lucky. But if wealth has caught you, if its glitter has swallowed you up, if its yellow has permeated you and soiled the white lustre of your soul, God have mercy on you! God excavate you from your gold-locked sepulchre! God rinse you of your earthliness. Some men seem to swallow this little round planet like a pill, and it just fills them, and they are full—full of this earth, not capacious enough to hold this whole world and the next, no room for that larger, brighter sphere, whose peculiarest glories go a-begging for an angler. It is a sad error, oh! how sad! When you canvass its fleetingness, its brittleness—meandering. Sunsets dazzle it out with their glory, years wear it away as they walk over it, and when the last year gathers up the skirts of Time, and wraps himself in the black pall of nature, and strides off the stage forever, oh! then, not the least mote of a gold grain will glow-worm the supernal darkness, wrecked, gone to chaos, all, alas! alas! if you catch nothing frustier.

Nay, but *bring of the fish which ye have now caught.* You have caught health, a right worthy angle. Health is better than wealth, if you must make the choice. The preservation of this body is a duty. If you had, by an overturned brain or muscle impaired its vigor and diminished its usefulness, it is nobly done that you have been on the dry dock, and got such thorough reparation; that you hunted health through the shaded glens of woodland, and dipped your feet and laved them in the emerald sea of meadow, that you took the breath the mountain tendered you, that you bear away upon your body the scars of the locality you visited. Its mountains and hills are left in your rounded muscle. Its scenery itinerates in your heart, and keeps it glad and green. *Sick souls* catch healing balms often from such scenes. Aye, souls that have been preached to a nauseating surfeit in our crowded Gospel-marts, and yet have failed of God's best gift. They stray out into God's great parlors, and are embarrassed like unused rustic youngsters amid brown-stone elegancies, embarrassed with the luxuriousness of Nature's upholstery, the cushioned bank by the brooklet, the deep, rich plush that carries their feet down like a tumble in a dream, the tapestries that banner out the blue sky with an enfolded wastefulness of rolling foliage, and the heavens no longer seem divided into streets, and the stars to walk up and down Broadway on narrow lanes of blue, but free, and wild, and infinite, they scatter themselves thick, till they fade from his vision, and thus while his body drinks in nerve and invigoration from these influences, his soul, the most dangerous invalid, cannot rid itself of the superstition that this is the temple, the sanctuary of the great God, and that He is at home, and that His breath intoxicates the air with purity and love, and this invalid, confined soul steps out and celebrates its first communion with the Infinite, with the broken bread of noble repentance and the spilled wine of joy. O! if I could elect my own priest, and pupil and temple, I would mount God in the pulpit of Nature, under the over-templing sky, and drink in His seraphic eloquence as poured through all earth's arteries and veins, throbbing with the presence of His goodness, until I could be translated from the natural to the spiritual, and quench desire and longing at once and ever in the embosomed fountain of His love.

Health is worth catching, but bodies fail to ruin at last in spite of tonics and sarsaparillas, and if health be all you have gained—when that perisheth your hope faileth, and like the mariner, when his ship founders, your stay yields, and you must go down. I can speculate long on the good things you may catch, or have caught—for I believe everything has a good in it—every life full of charities—every sinner full of virtues—even the devil has the virtue of industry, and zeal, and perseverance.

"*Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.*" You have captured integrity. A long perilous quest you have had of it. It is more rare than the delicate delicious trout of the mountain brook—aye, more delicate and delicious too. You did not find it the first day's fishing. It was after much severe conflict with the scraggy brambles of temptation, after your character had stood like a pivot on some mountain-comb of indecision, and a breath of power you wotted not of blew you toward the sunlight, it was after this before you had a nibble; then came the persevering pursuit, the dark hours when integrity seemed a destroying myth that led to disaster, and the smiling syrens of dishonesty were out in their purple and their gold to conquer you. And you saw but one thread of light through the chaotic night; but on you went from a nibble to a bite, and as your line, weather-beaten and frayed by the rough banks and water-soaked, at last pulled out valiantly and firm, you were shocked and thrilled as though you had touched an electric eel, and armaments and argosies of wonderful joy sailed into your soul; and you were conscious of a triumph. You had caught integrity. *There is better fishing, my friends, than bare integrity*, although I believe a deep, sterling honesty has root far back in God's choicest, deepest treasures.

*Bring of the fish ye have now caught.* We have all caught experiences of life, and certain characters, thus far, either good or bad. Some, God help us, have been out in filthy pools where the vermin of the waters congregate, and been angling with might and main for all that is uncomely and vile. Some have been sitting for long rolling years just by the maelstrom of passion, and watched their hooks toss and surge in the seething abyss. They have seen fishermen sink by their side, riven by the awful inquisition of remorse, their last hope taken flight, and with hollow-eyed despair for a pilot, launch anew their already wrecked immortality upon the returnless voyage. They caught what they baited for. Some men fish deceitfully; their external *seeming* is not the reflection of their internal *being*. Our bodies should be transparencies through which the soul shines out. God has declared that He lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He lighteth a spiritual taper in every heart; our body should be the glass lantern that covers it. Still, some men's faces are as deceitful and as great nuisances as the City Hall clock.

There are many young who have just caught a few shiners and minnows of dishonesty, just baiting for larger fish, who can see a fortune close to a scheme of falsehood; many who have waded deeper into peculations farther from the port of childhood. To you all, Christ Jesus says to-night, "*bring of the fish that ye have now caught.*" Show them up. Look at the wretched mess. Oh! what fishing! Throw away this corruption. Bury them from your sight forever in the deepest grave of a true repentance, and this very night start on a new excursion; get your tackle ready, with new hook and line and bait; lure virtue to your souls. Win a brave love by your honest acts. Christ is our great model fisherman. He cast out from the wharfs of glory a cable of infinite love, tipped with a hook of omnipotent crucified divinity, and sinkered by humility, and baited with heavenly felicity, if by any means He might lure or drag the stray and the rebellious from this cesspool of sin back to the ocean of glory.

He is our model. With His assistance and example to inspire, you may catch *eternal life. This is the grand consummation. He who achieves this has caught all. He who fails of this loses all.*

"Bring of the fish which ye have now caught." Let us see. How many to-night can show me *eternal life* as his? How many can say, "I have full and well-founded expectancy that if Christ should say to me to-night, bring of the fish which ye have now caught, I could hold up to the enraptured gaze of shining seraphs, *eternal life*, and that as the everlasting gates swayeth back for my admission, they would let out the echo, to my own soul's everlasting felicity, *eternal life*. This is all that is worth your angling. This has durability. It laughs at chaos. It stands in isolated and wonderful grandeur in the void where annihilated worlds have gone out. It is *eternal* life, i. e. eternal likeness to God—eternal holiness. I fear we have not all captured this. Well, eternal is capable of possession in this temporal life; blessed paradox! Sublime and yet harmonious contradiction of God's money!

There is not a fallen sinner so deep in the hell of vice, but what God's love is a stratum deeper. There is not an archangel on mount of glory but what God's love is his pavilion. Excuse the Aurora Borealis one week ago to-night, was caught up to a focus in the zenith—as though it were the surging shirt of some night's glory-robe, streaming down the chasm of space, trembling with crimson blush, and thrilled with the nervous shimmerings of orange light, fading and falling into all the miraculous effects of which color and shade are susceptible, with stars burning through this lace of light, now paling, now [illegible] with softness. Ah! with such a wonderful love that [illegible] prophecies of bliss does God pavilion His children. It seemed as though the world had forgotten that God's love is ever over all, and that He truly [illegible] without symbol. We were all beneath that curtain of light, so are we all beneath the curtain of His love.

"Bring of the fish which ye have now caught." What think ye of the glories unspeakable which will succeed your catching of eternal life? We can catch it. Will we? Shall we not all bring what we have caught of health and strength, what of mental and spiritual capturing we have, and devote it to the service of humanity through Christ? Shall not this people, one and all, by God's aid and by your manly coöperation, catch eternal life? I care not that we catch the itch of theological discussion, or the yellow fever of sectarianism, but just eternal life—that's all. Ah! ye should stand on the shores of time, cast with a line of love and a hook of faith, throw out far into the ocean of eternity, and capture even here the glories of the blessed.

When Christ shall sit upon His triumphal throne, and the summons shall go out East, West, North, South, to every son of Adam, "bring of the fish ye now have caught," say, shall not every soul here to-night be present as a trophy of His redeeming love?

### Lobe-Matters.

—All you that want a mate,
And to marriage do incline,
If you have slid through '58,
Now don't through '59.

—There is a movement in progress for the remission of the sentence of suspension by the House of Bishops, passed some years ago upon Bishop Onderdonk. A petition to the House of Bishops is in circulation in the diocese. To a memorial prepared in accordance with the terms of the petition, Bishop Onderdonk has affixed his signature. After acquitting his brethren of improper motives in his conviction, acknowledging the justice of their act of discipline, and professing his sincere sorrow and repentance, he asks that his sentence may be remitted. This petition and memorial will doubtless be presented at the next General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which assembles at Richmond, Va., on the fifth of next month. Names representing all shades of opinion in the Church are said to be attached to this petition.

—Lieut. Bartlett, U. S. N., father of the charming young lady whose approaching nuptials with the Cuban millionaire, Señor Oviedo, have given occasion to so much impertinent blundering paragraphy, was the first American Alcalde of "Yerba Buena," which by a spirited Act of his, dated January 30, 1847, immediately became "San Francisco;" so that the honor of baptising the marvellous metropolis of the Pacific belongs to the father-in-law of the princely Cuban. "Jenkins" will, no doubt, rejoice in this piece of information.

—The following is from the Toronto correspondence of the *N. Y. Times*, under date of Sept. 1st:

The Roman Catholic Church at the sister city of Hamilton was burned to the ground a few days since, and rumors are rife as to its cause. There is a great deal of animosity between the French and Irish priests here, and the feud extends to their congregations. The organ in the church here was burned some time ago, and there is not only no doubt that the Irish party did the deed, but the individuals are also pointed out, and so it is in Hamilton, but the perpetrators of the crime are not yet known. There is, however, another and a most romantic story afloat.

A beautiful girl, the only daughter of a most respectable and loving father, deemed it her duty to become a nun, and entered one of the preparatory societies of which Roman Catholics will know the name and nature better than I do. One of the conditions of this society, however, is, that there shall be preserved not only a strict chastity, but that the addresses of young men shall be discouraged, and their conversation shunned. Lavina, becoming a member from a true love of religion, as she understood the term, ere long found her heart too strong for her head. She saw, she loved—and, loving, erred. The Bishop was told of her fault and of her condition. He commanded her appearance before him, which, at first refused, was at length complied with, under pain of excommunication. Not content with admonishing the frail fair one privately, he summoned her on Sunday before the altar and there, in presence of the congregation, he published her fault to the world, stripped from her her rosary and medals, and put her to open shame. Her father was heart-broken; her lover wrathful. This was on Sunday, as I have said; on Tuesday morning the church was burned and the lover had eloped.

—The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Gazette* of the 9th ult., mentions the arrival at that place of a number of Mormons from Salt Lake City, U. T., who report that 4,000 or 5,000 recusant saints will make their exodus from the valley this Summer.

—If you wish to offer your hand to a lady, choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

—The Paris correspondent of the *Southern Field and Fireside* concludes his last letter thus:—

In the town of Vincennes, just by the side of this laughing phase of war, is a military hospital. I did not enter it in search of a sad moral to close my pleasant day withal, but in quest of a legend for your readers. I wished to verify the legend before sending it to you; true legends are so rare now-a-days. This is true, and runs as follows: Once there was a beautiful lady, wife of the Monarch of France. And when she was "as ladies wish to be who love their lords," she came one day to the town of Vincennes, and as she was walking there, she came to an image of the Virgin which was set in a niche in the walk that bounded that side of the wood. And being a devout Catholic she knelt there and prayed to the Virgin that she might bear a son to her lord, the heir of his name and throne, and made a vow that, if, by Holy Mary's intercession, the prayer were granted, she would build a chapel dedicated to her worship. The prayer was granted, for in due time a male child was born, and the vow was kept. The chapel was built, which is now the chapel of the military hospital at Vincennes. And in the chapel you may now see the same rude image of the Virgin before which the royal lady knelt in the wood. And under it you may read inscribed the words of the vow she uttered. And out at St. Cloud you may see the Prince Imperial, who was born a few months after they were spoken by the Empress Eugenie.

—"I don't think, husband, that you are very smart."

"No, indeed, wife, but everybody knows that I am fearfully shrew-ed.

—The following is from the last number of the *London Illustrated News*:

On Tuesday a middle-aged, fashionably-dressed lady, who appeared in a state of nervous excitement, applied to the Hon. G. C. Norton, at the Lambeth Police-office, for his advice as to how she should act under the following circumstances: It appeared from her statement that she was the daughter of a surgeon, and had been married to a gentleman, who died five years ago, leaving her without a family, but with a well-furnished home, and a handsome income. In the parish of Marsh last, while attending one of Beverley's lectures in St. James's Hall, she met a gentleman about her own age, who introduced himself as the son of an Earl, made passionate love to her, and proved his title almost before she mustered him. On his representations of high family and connections, his proposal for payment over with a new carriage, and £2000 in money and consenting to leave her own fashionable residence, he induced she consented to his proposals, and their marriage took on the 30th of June last, at St. George's, Hanover-square. Within about two weeks after the celebration of either the £2000 or the carriage, and this led her to suspect that his title and fortune had not acted candidly with her, and this feeling had increased by his not introducing her to a single member of what he professed as his aristocratic family. All, in fact, she could learn about her husband was that he was the friend of a merchant of much respectability, having offices in Threadneedle-street, and residing at Kilburn, and in whose service he held some appointment at the time of his marriage. This appointment she had reason to suspect he had since lost, and was at present wholly living upon her. The first question which she had to ask his worship was whether she was obliged to supply her husband with clothes, particularly as he was in the habit of going out in a very good suit, and coming home in a very bad one? (*Laughter.*) On Saturday last, said the applicant, he left my house as nicely dressed as any gentleman, and did not return until midday on Monday, when he came home in a costermonger's dress. (*Laughter.*) What to do under such circumstances with her husband, pray? Applicant: Captain William Dudley Stopper Harris, I think it is. Mr. Norton: It is rather strange that it has slipped out from her own name. (*Laughter.*) Applicant: Well, I must admit it is strange, but I now think it is Harrison; but I shall go and get my marriage certificate. The applicant here left the court, but returned in a short time with the marriage certificate, which she handed to the magistrate. Mr. Norton: I see by this document that your marriage took place on the 29th of June, and that the names of your husband is Harrison. He must, therefore, have made some misrepresentation, as the name of the gentleman he assumed is not Harrison. Applicant: Oh, yes, he must have deceived me, and yet professing so much love! (*Renewed Laughter.*) He has treated me cruelly, and yet he tells me my house and all I have got is his, insists on having the whole of my keys, and says I shall be obliged to support him. Mr. Norton: Well I am afraid that is so; but I understand from the officer who has been to your house at your request, that your husband has not only consented, but wishes you to sue for a divorce. Applicant: Then I will do so. I only wish I had it now. I had an excellent offer from a barrister just before, and was fool enough not to accept it. I wish your worship would take the trouble of first reading the letter sent to me by my husband before our marriage, and then the letter of the barrister, making me an excellent offer. (*Laughter.*) Mr. Norton: I have no great curiosity in such matters; but now, Mrs. Harrison—as that appears your name—if you can say you go in fear of your husband I shall grant you a summons. Mrs. Harrison (after some hesitation): No, I can't say I do. I think he loves me too well to injure me, though I don't love him a bit. (*Much Laughter.*) Mr. Norton: Then I should recommend you to go home and come to some arrangement for a speedy divorce or separation. Mrs. Harrison: No, I shall not go home; I am afraid to do so. I shall go to Brighton, and he may sell or do what he likes with the goods in the house. Mr. Norton: What may be their value? Mrs. Harrison: £300 or £400. Mr. Norton: Well, my advice to you is to go home. Mrs. Harrison: I feel very much obliged to you, sir; but I shall go to Brighton. Mrs. Harrison then withdraw from the court.

## The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.

### NEW BOOKS.

### AMERICAN.

TRAVELS, ETC.

Thirty Years in the Arctic Regions; or, The Adventures of Sir John Franklin. 12mo, cloth. Price, $1 25. New York: H. Dayton.

POETRY.

Rhymes of Twenty Years. By Henry Morford. With a Portrait on Steel. 12mo, pp. 240. $1. New York: H. Dexter & Co.

MEDICAL.

Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders; or, the Cogitations and Confessions of an aged Physician, by the late Dr. William A. Alcott. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

RELIGIOUS.

The Crucifixion of Christ. By Daniel H. Hill, Superintendent of the North Carolina Military Institute, and late Brevet Major in the United States Army. 12mo. pp. 345. Philadelphia: William S. & Alfred Martien.

Three Discourses on the Religion of Reason. By Gerrit Smith. Unchanged from their original publication. Pamphlet, pp. 84. 25 cents. New York: Ross & Tousey.

The Development of Prophecy. The Eleventh Chapter of Daniel; A Prophecy Relating to the King of the North and the King of the South, Detailing the Contests Between Rome and the Church. By a Layman. Pamphlet, pp. 82. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1859.

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